

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXX. }

No. 1872. — May 1, 1880.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXLV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

W. E. GLADSTONE. — MARCH, 1880.

CLEARER than the note of trumpet, pealing to
the islands forth,
Borne upon the ringing echoes of the strong
and steadfast north,
To the folly of the foolish, to the blindness of
the blind,
Crushing down with voice of manhood half the
childhood of mankind, —
Thou hast spoken well and bravely, tho' the
threescore years and ten,
Which of old the royal Psalmist shadowed to
the strength of men,
Have in true, God-fearing courage o'er thy
life of purpose sped,
And have left their mark, as ever, on the loved
and honored head.
If thy strength be toil and sorrow, prince to
us, we turn to thee :
Feed our strength from out thy weakness, —
joy for us such sorrow be !

Chief of all we hold the dearest — looking ever
as of yore
To the pole-star set to guide us in the heaven
forevermore —
Fearless of the cry of faction, though the
people's puzzled will
For a time be swayed against thee, steady for
the people still,
Careless of a court's disfavor, smiling such
disfavor down,
Jealous more than fawning courtiers for the
honor of the crown,
Speed thee in the course thou steerest, speed
thee He thou serv'st so well :
Men may think the servant stumbles ; such a
servant never fell.
Whence, but from a source eternal, whence,
but from a power divine,
Ever yet has time-worn statesman gathered
such a strength as thine ?
Rivals yet in word may spurn thee, — ay, and
to their latest hour
Fate may still in seeming grace them with the
mockery of power ;
And, if so the will has willed it, standing as
He willed to stand,
With the universal framework in the hollow of
his hand,
Thou the first to feel and own it, thou the first
to bend and bow,
Thou hast done thy best and manliest, not a
rood hast yielded thou.

Therefore, when old Time surrenders his im-
perial diadem,
And upon the grave of story writes its final
requiem ;
When the glistening sands of statecraft perish
in the whelming tide,
Temples reared to wrong and falsehood fall
to ruin side by side ;
When the idol Self is tumbled from that ped-
estal of hers,
Laughing-stock of men and angels, with her
startled worshippers ;

When the mists of doubt be scattered in the
sudden sun of truth,
And the wearied face of Honor puts on an
immortal youth ;
Where the laurel waits the patient, where the
prize is for the sure,
Where the conscious rest eternal waits the
vexed ones who endure, —
Thou at least — or faiths are fables, and the
truth of truths a lie —
Hast thy welcome waiting for thee where the
welcomes shall not die.

H. M.

AGE.

ALL the strong spells of passion slowly break-
ing,
Its chains undone,
A troubled sleep that dreams to peaceful
waking,
A haven won.

A fire burnt out to the last dead ember,
Left black and cold ;
A fiery August unto still September
Yielding her gold.

A dawn serene, the windy midnight over,
The darkness past,
Now, with no clouds or mists the day to cover,
The day at last.

Thou hast thy prayed-for peace, O soul, and
quiet
From noise and strife,
Now yearn forever for the noise and riot
That made thy life.

H. E. CLARKE.

SONNET.

THE rain falls softly on the window eaves,
And whispers lowly to the rustling grass,
And loads the winds' dusk pinions as they pass
To shake the glittering moisture on the leaves.
The rain sweeps where the great sea swells
and heaves,
And dimples all the locked lakes' living glass ;
The rain sobs round the home whose light she
was,
As with the hearts left desolate it grieves,
And listening to its murmur all alone,
I set its cadence to my yearning sorrow,
And love's mute longing for the darling gone,
From nature's wail seems strength renewed to
borrow,
Till I can hear the dull plash on the clay,
Of that dear new-made grave, broad leagues
away.

All the Year Round.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE DEEP SEA AND ITS CONTENTS.

WHEN, in June 1871, I placed before Mr. Goschen, then first lord of the admiralty, the scheme I had formed for a scientific circumnavigation expedition, I stated as its general object "the extension to the three great oceanic areas—the Atlantic, the Indian and Southern, and the Pacific—of the physical and biological exploration of the deep sea, which has been tentatively prosecuted by my colleagues and myself, during a few months of each of the last three years, on the eastern margin of the North Atlantic, and in the neighboring portion of the Mediterranean." Those researches had been regarded by the scientific public—not of this country only, but of the whole civilized world—as of extraordinary interest; not only for the new facts they had brought into view, and the old fallacies which they had exploded, but for the new ideas they had introduced into various departments of scientific thought. And I felt myself justified in expressing the confident belief "that the wider extension and systematic prosecution of them will be fruitful in such a rich harvest of discovery as has been rarely reaped in any scientific inquiry."

The "Challenger" expedition, thus originated, was fitted out in the most complete manner, everything being done which skill and experience could suggest to make it a complete success. A ship was selected whose size and construction rendered her peculiarly suitable for the work; she was placed under the command of Captain (now Sir George) Nares, than whom no more highly qualified head could have been chosen. In the work of the ship he had the zealous co-operation of a selected staff of naval officers; whilst for the direction of its scientific work the expedition had the advantage of the services of Professor (now Sir) Wyville Thomson, with five assistants, each of whom had already shown special proficiency in the particular department committed to his charge.

The expedition left Sheerness on the 7th of December, 1872, and returned to Spithead on the 24th of May, 1876; hav-

ing altogether traversed a distance of nearly *seventy thousand* nautical miles (or nearly *four times* the earth's equatorial circumference), and having, at intervals as nearly uniform as possible, established three hundred and sixty-two observing stations along the course traversed. This course was, for various reasons, anything but a direct one. In the first year the Atlantic was crossed and recrossed three times each way; and a diversion was made from Bermuda to Halifax, and back again, for the special purpose of examining the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. This first part of the voyage terminated at the Cape of Good Hope; from which a fresh start was made for Kerguelen's Land, on which Captain Nares was directed to report in regard to the sites most suitable for the observation of the approaching transit of Venus. Thence the "Challenger" proceeded due south towards the Antarctic ice-barrier; and, after making the desired observations along its margin, she proceeded to Melbourne, Sydney, and New Zealand. The next portion of her voyage was devoted to an examination of the western part of the great Pacific area, with a diversion into the adjacent part of the Malay Archipelago; and it was when proceeding almost due north from New Guinea to Japan, that her deepest sounding (the deepest *trustworthy* sounding yet made) of 4,475 fathoms—26,850 feet, or more than *five miles*—was obtained. From Japan her course was shaped almost due east, keeping near the parallel of 38° N. as far as the meridian of the Sandwich Islands, so as to traverse about two-thirds of the North Pacific; and then, taking a southern direction, she proceeded first to that group, and thence across the equator to Tahiti, thus making a north and south course through the tropical Pacific. From Tahiti she proceeded S.E. towards Cape Horn, with a detour to Valparaiso; and after passing through the Straits of Magellan, touching at the Falkland Islands, and putting in at Montevideo, she proceeded eastwards halfway across the South Atlantic, to complete the E. and W. section partly taken in the first year of the voyage on the parallel of the cape.

Changing her course to the north she ran a N. and S. line as far as the equator, in the meridian of Madeira; and then, turning N.W., and keeping at some distance from the African coast, got into the middle line of the North Atlantic, which she followed past the Azores; after which she bore up for home.

At each of the observing stations a sounding was taken for the determination of the exact *depth*; the *bottom temperature* was accurately ascertained; a sample of *bottom water* was obtained for chemical and physical examination; and a sample of the *bottom* itself was brought up, averaging from one ounce to one pound in weight. At most of the stations, *serial temperatures* also were taken; *i.e.* the temperature of the water at several different *depths* between the surface and the bottom was determined, so as to enable "sections" to be constructed, giving what may be called the *thermal stratification* of the entire mass of ocean water along the different lines traversed during the voyage; and samples of sea-water were also obtained from different depths. At most of the stations a fair sample of the *bottom fauna* was procured by means of the dredge or trawl: while the *swimming animals* of the surface and of intermediate depths were captured by the use of a "tow-net," adjusted to sweep through the waters in any desired plane. And while the direction and rate of any *surface current* were everywhere determined by methods which the skilful navigator can now use with great precision, attempts were made to determine the *direction and rate of movement* of the water at different depths, wherever there was any special reason for doing so. In addition to all this, which constituted the proper work of the expedition, meteorological and magnetic observations were regularly taken and recorded.

The mass of accurate information, and of materials from which accurate information may be obtained, which has thus been collected in regard to the physics of the ocean, affords a vast body of data, for scientific discussion of which, when it shall have been fully published, advantage will doubtless be eagerly taken by the va-

rious inquirers into the different branches of this subject, who are at present anxiously waiting for it. And, in like manner, the enormous collection of marine animals that has been most carefully made along the whole of the "Challenger's" course, and at various depths from the surface down to more than four miles—the locality and depth from which every specimen was obtained having been accurately recorded—attests the entire success of the biological portion of the "Challenger's" work. But here, again, however great the amount of work done, much more remains to do, in the "working up" of this most valuable material. It has been distributed among naturalists of the highest competence in their respective departments, each of whom will report separately upon his own subject. And only when all these separate reports shall have been published, which cannot be for some years, will it be possible to give any general *résumé* of the zoological results of the expedition. But in the study of the *bottom deposits* more progress has been made; and Mr. Murray—one of the "Challenger" scientific staff, who was specially charged with this department during the voyage—has already arrived at some results of such remarkable interest, as fully to justify the belief I had expressed to Mr. Goschen, "that the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of our globe is at present lying at the bottom of the sea, waiting only to be brought up."

I have been so often asked, "What has the 'Challenger' expedition done for science?" that, notwithstanding what I have shown to be the impossibility of at present giving more than a very inadequate idea of the results of its work, I shall now endeavor briefly to show what light these results have thrown on a few *general questions* of great interest; some of which were first opened up in our previous deep-sea explorations, while on others not apparently related to it, the "Challenger" researches have been found to cast an unexpected light.

The question which naturally takes the first place in order is that of the *depth and configuration of the ocean basins*, as to

which little had been previously learned with certainty, except in the case of the North Atlantic, which had been carefully sounded along certain lines with a view to the laying of telegraph cables. The first systematic survey of this kind brought out a set of facts which were then supposed to be exceptional, but which the soundings of the "Challenger," taken in connection with those of the United States ship "Tuscarora" and the German "Gazelle," have shown to be general; viz. (1) that the bottom sinks very gradually from the coast of Ireland, westward, for a hundred miles or more; (2) that then, not far beyond the hundred-fathom line, it falls so rapidly that depths of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred fathoms are met with at only a short distance further west; (3) that after a further descent to a depth of more than two thousand fathoms, the bottom becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so low as to show scarcely any perceptible alteration of depth in a section in which the same scales are used for vertical heights and horizontal distances; * and (4) that on the American side as on the British this plain is bordered by a very steep slope, leading up quickly to a bottom not much exceeding one hundred fathoms in depth, which shallows gradually to the coast-line of America. Nothing seems to have struck the "Challenger" surveyors more than the extraordinary *flatness* (except in the neighborhood of land) of that depressed portion of the earth's crust which forms the floor of the great oceanic area: the result of one day's sounding enabling a tolerably safe guess to be formed as to the depth to be encountered on the following day; and thus, if the bottom of the mid-ocean were laid dry, an observer standing on almost any spot of it would find himself surrounded by a plain only comparable to that of the North American prairies or the South American pampas.

Thus our notions of the so-called "ocean basins" are found to require considerable modification; and it becomes obvious that, putting aside the oceanic

islands which rise from the bottom of the sea, as mountain peaks and ridges rise from the general surface of the land, the proper oceanic area is a portion of the crust of the earth which is depressed with tolerable uniformity some thousands of feet below the land area, whilst the bands of shallow bottom which usually border the existing coast-lines are to be regarded as submerged portions of the adjacent land platforms. The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean, is rather, indeed, to be likened to that of a flat waiter or tea-tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply sloping rim, than to that of the "basin" with which it is commonly compared. And it further becomes obvious that the *real* border of any oceanic area may be very different from the *ostensible* border formed by the existing coast-line.

Of this difference between the shallow water covering submerged land, and the deep sea that fills the real ocean basins, we have nowhere a more remarkable example than that which is presented to us in the seas which girdle the British Islands. These are all so shallow, that their bed is undoubtedly to be regarded as a continuation of the European continental platform; an elevation of the north-western corner of which, to the amount of only one hundred fathoms, would reunite Great Britain to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France, and would bring it into continuity with Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Shetland and Orkney Islands. Not only would the whole of the British Channel be laid dry by such an elevation, but the whole of the North Sea also, with the exception of a narrow deeper channel that lies outside the fiords of Norway. Again, the coast-line of Ireland would be extended seawards to about one hundred miles west of Galway, and that of the western Hebrides to beyond St. Kilda; but a little further west, the sea-bed shows the abrupt depression already spoken of as marking the commencement of the real Atlantic area. A like rapid descent has been traced outside the hundred-fathom line in the Bay of Biscay (a considerable part of which would be converted into dry land

* Sections drawn (as is usual) with a *vertical* scale enormously in excess of the *horizontal*, altogether misrepresent the real character of the oceanic sea-bed.

by an elevation of that amount), and along the western coast of Spain and Portugal, where, however, it takes place much nearer the existing land border. The soundings of the U.S.S. "Tuscarora" in the North Pacific have shown that a like condition exists along the western coast of North America; a submerged portion of its continental platform, covered by comparatively shallow water, forming a belt of variable breadth outside the existing coast-line, and the sea-bed then descending so rapidly as distinctly to mark the real border of the vast Pacific depression. And as similar features present themselves elsewhere, it may be stated as a general fact that *the great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas.*

On the other hand, a *depression* of the existing land of northern Europe to the same or even half that amount, would cause very extensive areas of what is now dry land to be overflowed by sea; the higher tracts and mountainous regions alone remaining as representatives of the continental platform to which the submerged portions equally belong. This, as every geologist knows, has been, not once only, but many times, the former condition of Europe; and finds a singular parallelism in the present condition of that great continental platform, of which the peninsula and islands of Malaya are the most elevated portions. For the Yellow Sea, which forms the existing boundary of south-eastern Asia, is everywhere so shallow, that an elevation of a hundred fathoms would convert it into land; while half that elevation would lay dry many of the channels between the Malay Islands, so as to bring them into continuity not only with each other but with the continent of Asia. And Mr. Wallace's admirable researches on the zoology of this region have shown that such continuity undoubtedly existed at no remote period, its mammalian fauna being essentially Asiatic. On the other hand, a like elevation would bring Papua into land-continuity with Australia; with which, in like manner, the intimacy of its zoological relations shows it to have been in former connection. The Indo-Malay province is separated from the Papuo-Australian province by a strait, which, though narrow, is so much deeper than the channels which intervene between the separate members of either group, that it would still remain as a fissure of considerable depth, even if the elevation of the two

parts of the great area it divides were sufficient to raise most of each into dry land. And thus we may view the whole area extending from south-eastern Asia to South Australia as a vast land platform (partly submerged), of which the great fissure that divides it into two distinct zoological provinces may be considered as corresponding with the great break made by the Mediterranean in the continuity between Europe and Africa, and that made by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea in the continuity between North and South America. There is generally a very marked contrast in elevation between the slightly submerged portions of this land platform, and the deep sea-floors in its neighborhood; the descent from the former to the latter being very abrupt.

Now these facts remarkably confirm the doctrine long since propounded by the distinguished American geologist, Professor Dana, when reasoning out the probable succession of events during the original consolidation of the earth's crust, and its subsequent shrinkage upon the gradually contracting mass within,—that these elevated areas now forming the continental platforms, and the depressed areas that constitute the existing ocean floors, *were formed as such in the first instance*, and have remained unchanged in their general relations from that time to the present, notwithstanding the vast disturbances that have been since produced in each by the progressive contraction of the earth's crust. For this general contraction, coupled with the unequal bearing of the different parts of the crust upon one another, has been the chief agency in determining the evolution of the earth's surface features, producing local upheavals and subsidences alike in the elevated and depressed areas; so that lofty mountains and deep troughs have been formed, with plications and contortions of their component strata; metamorphism of various kinds has been produced in their rocks; and volcanic action, with earthquake phenomena involving extensive dislocations of the crust, have been repeated through successive geological periods, mostly along particular lines or in special areas; without making any considerable alteration in the position of the great continents, or in the real borders of the oceanic areas, though the amount of the continental areas that might be above water, and the position of their coast-lines, might vary greatly from time to time.

This idea of the general permanence of what we used to call the great "ocean basins" had, in fact, struck me forcibly, as soon as the soundings of the "Challenger" and "Tuscarora," in the Pacific, enabled me to work out the enormous disproportion between the mass of land above the sea-level and the volume of the water beneath it. At the end of our first ("Lightning") cruise in 1868, my colleague, Professor Wyville Thomson, had pointed out to me, that there is no adequate reason for supposing that the present bed of the North Atlantic has ever been raised into dry land since the termination of the cretaceous epoch, which was marked by the elevation of the chalk formations of Europe and Asia on the one side, and of North America on the other, into dry land; and that the persistence of a considerable number of cretaceous types in its marine fauna justifies the conclusion that the deep sea-bed of this ocean has not undergone any essential change of condition through the whole of the tertiary period. This conclusion I unhesitatingly indorsed; and though the announcement of it rather startled some of our geological Nestors, it has come to be generally accepted by the younger generation as by no means improbable. Subsequent reflection upon the disproportion to which I have just referred, though from imperfect data I at first *under-estimated* it, disposed me to extend the same view to the ocean basins generally; and happening at the same time to become acquainted with the doctrines which had been advanced by Professor Dana (then little known in this country), I was strongly impressed by their accordance—this being the more remarkable on account of the entire difference of the data and lines of reasoning which led Professor Dana and myself to the same conclusion.*

We are now able to form an estimate of the relative masses of land and sea, which is probably not far from the truth. The *area* of the existing land is to that of the sea as about one to two and three-fourths, or as four to eleven; so that if the entire surface of the globe were divided into fifteen equal parts, the land would occupy only four of these, or rather more than a quarter, whilst the sea would cover eleven, or rather less than three-quarters. But the average *height* of the whole land of the globe above the sea-level cer-

tainly does not exceed one thousand feet; that of Asia and Africa being somewhat above that amount, while that of America (North and South), Europe, and Australia is considerably below it. On the other hand, the average *depth* of the ocean floors is now known to be at least two and one-half miles, and may be taken (for the convenience of round number) at thirteen thousand feet. Thus, the average depth of the ocean being thirteen times as much as the average height of the land, and the area of the sea two and three-fourths times that of the land, the *total volume of the ocean water is* ($2\frac{3}{4} \times 13$) *just thirty-six times that of the land above the sea-level.*

Now this disproportion appears to me to render it extremely improbable that any such geological "see-saw" as may have produced successive alternations of land and water between the several parts of the same continental platform, can have ever produced such an exchange between any continental platform and an ocean floor as was assumed by Sir Charles Lyell to have taken place over and over again in geological time.* For even supposing all the existing land of the globe to sink down to the sea-level, this subsidence would be balanced by the elevation of only *one thirty-sixth* part of the existing ocean floor from its present average depth to the same level. Or, again, let the great island-continent of Australia (whose area is about one seventeenth of the total land area of the globe) be supposed to subside to the depth of the average sea-bed, so as to be altogether lost sight of not only by the surface navigator but by the deep-sea surveyor, and a compensatory elevation to take place in the existing land area,—this, if limited to an area of the size of Australia (which is about equal to that of the whole of Europe), *would raise it all to nearly the height of Mont Blanc*; whilst, if spread over the entire land area of the globe, *it would nearly double its present average elevation.*

Now we have no reason whatever to believe that *vertical* upheavals or subsidences have ever taken place over extensive areas to anything like such amounts, which have their parallels only in the elevation of lofty mountain chains, or in the complementary formation of deep troughs now filled by sedimentary deposit originating in the degradation of the neighboring land; which local disturbances (as Professor Dana has shown) have been effected

* See my article "Atlantic" in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

* See chap. xii. of his "Principles of Geology."

by the *lateral* or *horizontal* thrust engendered during the shrinkage of the globe in cooling. Moreover, the contours of the oceanic area, so far as they have been yet determined by the "Challenger" and other soundings, give no sanction whatever to the notion of the existence of any submerged continental platform. On the contrary, the "Challenger" observations enable it to be affirmed with high probability that the islands which are met with in the real oceanic area (as distinguished from those which, like the British Isles, are really outlying parts of the slightly sunken corner of the platform which rises into continental land in their vicinity; or which, like the great islands of the Malayan archipelago, are the "survivals" of a continental platform more deeply submerged) are all of volcanic origin, having been projected upwards from beneath instead of having gone down from above. This may be stated with confidence in regard to all those which consist of inorganic rocks; and since it is equally true of those coral islands whose rock basis shows itself above the surface, the same may be fairly presumed in regard to the submerged peaks on which those "atolls" rest, above whose level platforms no rocky base now rises. These volcanic vents are generally found on upward bulgings of median portions of the depressed ocean floors; whilst, on the other hand, the volcanoes which rise from the elevated land platforms are for the most part thrown up near their oceanic margins; and Professor Dana gives mechanical reasons for both these classes of facts, deduced from consideration of the mode in which the horizontal thrust will be exerted in the two areas respectively. The "crumpling" of the elevated portions of the crust which throws up mountain ridges, produces at the same time equivalent depressions. These will be filled by sea-water if it has access to them, as is the case with the enormously deep pitfalls found in various parts of the Malayan area; or with fresh water, where, being cut off from the sea, they are surrounded by a mountainous region affording a large supply of it, as in deep lake basins of Switzerland: or they may remain almost empty for want of water, like the deeply depressed valley of the Jordan; or may be partly filled, like the Caspian. And thus the distribution of land and water over different parts of the continental platforms may have been greatly changed from time to time, and groups or chains of islands may have

been raised and again submerged in the oceanic area, without making any such essential changes in the map of the world as Sir Charles Lyell supposed to have taken place over and over again.

Now this view of the permanence of the great original division of the crust of the earth into elevated and depressed areas, and of the non-conversion of any considerable part of a continental platform into a deep sea-bed, or of a deep sea-bed into a continental platform, has received a most unexpected and explicit confirmation from the study of the *deposits* at present being formed on the oceanic sea-bed, of which a sample was brought up in every sounding taken by the "Challenger," whilst larger collections of them were made by the trawl and the dredge. For such deposits as are obviously formed by the disintegration of ordinary land masses, were, as a rule, only found in the comparatively shallow waters in the near neighborhood of those masses; the almost universal absence of the ordinary *siliceous sand* of our shores being a most noteworthy fact. Indeed, the exception served to prove the rule; for it was only when the "Challenger's" course lay parallel to the coast of Africa, some two or three hundred miles to the westward of it, that the soundings gave evidence of its presence; and that this sand had been *blown* over the sea-surface from the Sahara was indicated by its deposit as a fine dust on the ship's deck. Deposits of volcanic origin, however, were met with in unexpected abundance; the most common being a *red clay*, first found on the deepest areas of the Atlantic, the source of which was for some time a question of great perplexity to the scientific staff of the "Challenger," from its presenting itself at such a distance from any land that it could not be supposed to have been brought down (as the clay deposits of shore-waters are) by continental rivers. The clue to the solution of the difficulty was furnished by the unexpected capture, in the "tow-net," of a considerable number of floating masses of pumice-stone; whilst the trawl frequently brought up bushels of such, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a football. Now pumice is formed of ordinary lava which has been "raised" (like dough) into a spongy condition by the liberation of gases in its substance, and contains a considerable proportion of feldspar, which affords the material of clay; and as the clay deposits were found to contain fragments of pumice in various stages of disintegration,

the probability of their volcanic origin seems so strong as to justify its full acceptance. Mr. Murray thinks it likely that not only all the pieces of pumice which float on the surface, but those spread over the sea-bottom, have been ejected from *land* volcanoes; some of them, perhaps, having fallen into the sea in the first instance, but the greater number having been washed down by rain and rivers. After floating for a longer or shorter time, so as to be carried about by winds and currents, perhaps to very considerable distances, they would become water-logged and sink to the bottom, and there undergo gradual disintegration. They were always found in greatest abundance in the neighborhood of volcanic centres, such as the Azores and the Philippines; and within their areas, again, were found tufaceous deposits — dust and ashes which had been carried by the winds blowing over the craters. But there were also occasionally found, at several hundred miles' distance from any land, small pieces of obsidian and basaltic lavas, whose presence there could only be accounted for by *submarine* volcanic action.

In association with the clays there were found remarkable deposits of *manganese*, sometimes incrusting corals, etc., with a coating of greater or less thickness, but more generally forming nodular concretions, varying in size from little pellets to several pounds in weight, which were usually found to include organic bodies, such as sharks' teeth or whales' ear-bones. The following summary of this curious class of facts is given in Lord George Campbell's "Log-Letters:" —

In some regions everything at the bottom, even the bottom itself, would appear to be overlaid by and impregnated with this substance. Sharks' teeth of all sizes (many gigantic, one was four inches across the base) are frequent, and are sometimes surrounded by concentric layers of manganese of nearly an inch in thickness. A siliceous sponge, bits of pumice, radiolaria and globigerinae, and lumps of clay, have all been found forming the nuclei of these nodules. We have caught in one haul, where there has been no reason to suppose that the trawl has sunk more than two inches in the clay, over six hundred sharks' teeth, one hundred ear-bones of whales, and fifty fragments of other bones, some imbedded in manganese an inch thick, some with only just a trace of manganese on them, and some with no trace at all. These sharks' teeth are all *fossil* teeth, the same as are found in great quantities in tertiary formations, particularly in Swiss miocene deposits.*

* The writer does not seem aware of the extraordinary

As we have every reason to believe that this aggregation of the manganese is a very slow process, the occurrence of these teeth and bones, some imbedded deeply and some not at all, in the same surface-layers, argues strongly in favor of an extremely slow rate of deposition. On the other hand, the occurrence of sharks' teeth in shore deposits is extremely rare, and in the organic oozes slightly less so (p. 495).

This deposit of manganese seems, like that of the red clay, traceable to a volcanic source: —

Wherever we have pumice containing much magnetite, olivine, augite, or hornblende, and these apparently undergoing decomposition and alteration, or where we have great showers of volcanic ash, there also is manganese in the greatest abundance. The correspondence between the distribution of these two may therefore be regarded as very significant of the origin of the latter. Manganese is as frequent as iron in lavas; and in magnetite and in some varieties of hornblende and augite it partially replaces peroxide of iron. It is therefore probable that the manganese, as we find it, is one of the secondary products arising from the decomposition of volcanic minerals, that decomposition being caused by the carbonic acid and oxygen of ocean waters.*

These deep-sea deposits of manganese differ in mineral structure and composition from any of the known ores of that metal; and the conditions under which they are being formed constitute a problem of very great interest, to which, as to other points of this inquiry, a most distinguished Continental petrologist, the Abbé Renard, is now giving the most careful attention, with the full expectation of being able to throw great light upon the mode of production of many minerals whose origin has been hitherto unaccounted for.

But there is yet another form of inorganic deposit whose character is even more remarkable: —

In the midst of the clay from the bottom [says Professor Geikie] Mr. Murray found numerous minute spherical granules of native iron, which, as he suggests, are almost certainly of *meteoric* origin — fragments of those falling stars which, coming to us from planetary space, burst into fragments when they rush into the denser layers of our atmosphere. In tracts where the growth of silt upon the sea-floor is excessively tardy, the fine particles scattered by the dissipation of these meteorites may remain in appreciable quantity. It is not

abundance of similar sharks' teeth and whales' ear-bones in the so-called "coprolite pits" of our Suffolk crag.

* Log-Letters, p. 495.

needful to suppose that meteorites have disappeared over these ocean depths more numerous than over other parts of the earth's surface. The iron granules have no doubt been as plentifully showered down elsewhere, though they cannot be so readily detected in accumulating sediment. I know no recent discovery in physical geography more calculated to impress deeply the imagination than the testimony of this meteoric iron from the most distant abysses of the ocean. To be told that mud gathers on the floor of those abysses at an extremely slow rate, conveys but a vague notion of the tardiness of the process. But to learn that it gathers so slowly that the very star-dust which falls from outer space forms an appreciable part of it, brings home to us, as hardly anything else could do, the idea of undisturbed and excessively slow accumulation.*

Next to the volcanic clays, the *globigerina ooze* (which had been brought up by the hundredweight in the "Lightning" and "Porcupine" dredgings) proved to be the most abundant oceanic deposit. Not only from the completeness of their minute shells in the surface layer, but also from the fact that a large proportion of these shells were occupied by their saccoid bodies in an apparently fresh condition, we had concluded that the *globigerinæ* live on the bottoms on which their remains accumulate. But since, in nearly all but the coldest parts of the oceanic area traversed by the "Challenger," they were collected in abundance by the "tow-net" drawn through the water at or beneath the surface, Sir Wyville Thomson and some of his associates have come to the conclusion that they pass their whole lives in the surface stratum, their subsidence to the bottom only taking place after their death. I have myself, however, remained of the opinion that they subside during life, when the addition of new chambers has come to an end, and the further exudation of carbonate of lime has been applied to the thickening of the walls of the old; and that they continue to live on the bottom, continually adding to the thickness of their shells. And in this I have the satisfaction of finding myself supported by Mr. H. B. Brady, into whose most competent charge the foraminifera of the "Challenger" have been given for "working up." For the result of a series of most careful comparisons between the *globigerinæ* brought up from any bottom, and those captured floating in the upper waters of the same region, shows that the shells of

the former so greatly exceed those of the latter in size and massiveness as to make it certain that they continued to live and grow after their subsidence.

The careful examination in which Mr. Murray has been engaged of the *calcareous* deposits (resembling chalk in process of formation), chiefly consisting of *globigerina ooze*, but also containing the disintegrated remains of free-swimming Pteropod molluscs, as well as of shells and corals that have lived on the bottom, has led him to the remarkable conclusion, that in their descent from the upper waters towards the deeper sea-bottoms, the thin shells of *globigerinæ* and the yet more delicate pteropod shells are again dissolved, by the agency of the carbonic acid that is held in large proportion in those abyssal waters. And thus it was that in the deepest parts of the oceanic area, though *globigerinæ* were captured by the surface tow-net in the same abundance as elsewhere, their remains were entirely wanting on the bottom beneath. At intermediate depths the ooze and the red clay would often be found mixed, in proportions that seemed related to the depth. But in the shallower waters not sufficiently charged with carbonic acid to exert any solvent power, the organic deposit prevailed almost to the exclusion of the inorganic. This, then, seems to have been the condition of the marine area in which the old chalk was deposited; a variety of considerations pointing to the conclusion, that the sea-bottom whereon accumulated the foraminiferal ooze of which it is almost entirely composed, was of no considerable depth.

But the surface waters are also inhabited by microscopic organisms, whose skeletons are composed, not of carbonate of lime, but of *silice*; and of these, some — the diatoms — are vegetable, whilst others — the radiolarians — are animals of about the same simplicity as the foraminifera. The diatoms abound in those colder seas which are not prolific in foraminifera; often accumulating in such numbers as to form green bands that attract the notice of both Arctic and Antarctic voyagers. And their exquisitely sculptured cases, accumulating on the bottom, form a siliceous "diatom ooze," which takes the place in higher latitudes of the white calcareous mud resulting from the disintegration of foraminiferal shells. The foraminiferal ooze, moreover, generally contains, in larger or smaller proportion, the beautiful siliceous skeletons of radiolaria; and sometimes these were

* Lecture on Geographical Evolution, p. 7.

found to predominate to such a degree that the ooze mainly consisted of them, in which case it was designated as radiolarian. As siliceous skeletons are not — like calcareous — dissolved by deep-sea water, those which fall down from the surface even upon the deepest bottoms rest there unchanged, and thus it happens that they are found diffused through the red-clay deposits, and, at the greatest depths, sometimes almost entirely replace them. Some of these minute organisms were almost everywhere captured alive in the tow-net; but, like the diatoms, they commonly aggregate in patches or bands, and this to such a degree as to color the sea-surface, the hue of their animal substance being usually red or reddish brown. Such patches are often seen in the neighborhood of the Shetlands, where they are designated by the fishermen as "herring food."

Thus, then, if we compare (1) the deposits now going on upon the deep oceanic sea-bed, which consist either of organic "oozes," or of the clays formed by the decomposition of volcanic products, (2) the sediments at present in course of deposition on the shallower bottoms nearer land, and (3) the materials of the sedimentary rocks of all geological periods, we see that whilst there is a close correspondence between the second and the third, the first differs so completely — in most particulars — from both the others, as to be utterly beyond the range of comparison with them; the chief exception being presented by those calcareous sediments, which correspond with the various limestone formations intercalated among the sandstones and clays that have had their origin in the degradation of pre-existing land. We now know for certain that the sands and clays washed off the land — whether by the action of ice or river-waters on its surface, or by the wearing away of its margin by the waves of the sea — sink to the sea-bottom long before they reach the deeper abysses; *not the least trace of such sediments having been anywhere found at a distance from the continental platforms.* And thus the study of the deposits on the oceanic seabed has fully confirmed the conclusion drawn from the present configuration of the earth's surface, as to the general persistence of those original inequalities which have respectively served as the bases of the existing continents, and the floors of the great ocean basins.

In the masterly lecture on "Geographical Evolution" recently given by Profes-

sor Geikie before the Royal Geographical Society, the importance of these results, as affording the key to the interpretation of much of the past history of the earth, is most fully brought out. "For," he unhesitatingly asserts, with all the authority of a vast geological experience, "from the earliest geological times the great area of deposit has been, as it still is, *the marginal belt of sea-floor skirting the land.*" It is there that nature has always strewn 'the dust of continents to be.' The decay of old rocks has been unceasingly in progress on the land, and the building up of new rocks has been as unceasingly going on underneath the adjoining sea. The two phenomena are the complementary sides of one process, which *belongs to the terrestrial and shallow oceanic parts of the earth's surface, and not to the wide and deep ocean basins.*" "No part of the results obtained by the 'Challenger' expedition," he goes on to say, "has a profounder interest for geologists and geographers, than the proof they furnish that the floor of the ocean basins has no real analogy among the sedimentary formations which form most of the framework of the land." And after dwelling on the chief facts I have already brought together, he thus sums up: —

From all this evidence we may legitimately conclude that the present land of the globe, though composed in great measure of marine formations, has never lain under the deep sea, but that its site must always have been near land. Even its thick marine limestones are the deposits of comparatively shallow water. Whether or not any trace of aboriginal land may now be discoverable, the characters of the most unequivocally marine formations bear emphatic testimony to the proximity of a terrestrial surface. The present continental ridges have probably always existed in some form; and as a corollary we may infer that *the present deep ocean basins likewise date from the remotest geological antiquity.*

No part of the "Challenger's" work has been more thoroughly and successfully carried out, than the determination of the *thermal stratification*, or vertical distribution of temperature, in the different parts of the oceanic area; an inquiry first prosecuted with trustworthy thermometers ("protected" to resist pressure) in the "Porcupine" expeditions of 1869 and 1870. This determination was effected by "serial" temperature soundings; thermometers attached to a sounding-line being let down to depths progressively increasing by ten fathoms down to two hundred, and below this to depths

progressively increasing by one hundred fathoms to the bottom. It is in the upper stratum of two hundred fathoms that the most rapid reduction of temperature usually shows itself; the further reduction beneath this stratum taking place at a progressively diminishing rate, until, from fifteen hundred fathoms downwards to the bottom at any depth, there is usually very little change.

The temperature soundings of the "Challenger," supplemented by other more limited explorations of the same kind, have clearly brought out this most unexpected result—that the low bottom temperatures previously observed represent, not, as has been supposed, the overflowing of the sea-bed by "polar currents" of limited breadth and inconsiderable thickness, overlaid by a vast mass of comparatively warm water, but the reduction of nearly the whole body of oceanic water, in every basin except that of the North Atlantic (to whose exceptional character I shall presently advert), to a temperature which averages but a very few degrees above 32° Fahr., that of its deepest stratum being sometimes even a degree or two below the freezing-point of fresh water; while the heating influence of the solar rays is limited to a very small depth beneath the surface.

Thus in the South Atlantic, in which a sounding taken near 37° S. lat. gave a depth of twenty-nine hundred fathoms and a bottom temperature beneath 32° Fahr., the lowest stratum, consisting of *absolutely glacial water*, was found to have the enormous thickness of one thousand fathoms: this was overlaid by another stratum of one thousand fathoms, in which the temperature rose slowly from 32° at its lower, to 36.5° at its upper surface; and this, again, by another of about five hundred fathoms, which showed a further rise at its upper surface to 40° , the rate of elevation from below upwards being no more than about 0.7° for every one hundred fathoms. Thus it is only in the uppermost layer of about *four hundred fathoms* (less than one-seventh of the whole) that the temperature exceeds 40° ; and the regularity of the rise of the thermometer, from 40° at its base to the summer surface temperature of 70° , at the rate of about 7.5° for every hundred fathoms, justifies our regarding the plane of 40° as the limit of the depth at which the solar rays here exert any direct heating influence.

On her passage southwards towards the Antarctic ice-barrier, the "Challenger"

found the progressive reduction of surface temperature to correspond with the progressive thinning of the warm superficial layer, in a manner which clearly showed that the thermal condition of the Southern Ocean is entirely dominated by the flow into it of the great mass of glacial water which has been cooled down in the Antarctic area; and that it is, so to speak, a vast *reservoir of cold*, the outflow from which keeps down the temperature of every part of the oceanic area in free communication with it. This we see best in the Pacific, whose vast basin is almost entirely filled by water of glacial or sub-glacial coldness, on the surface of which in the intertropical region there floats a layer whose temperature rises rapidly from its lower limit of 40° to 80° at the surface, and whose thickness is nowhere more than *one-fifth* of the whole depth. This exceptional stratum, which clearly derives its heat from the direct action of the solar rays upon its surface, progressively thins away in either hemisphere as it is traced from the tropic to the parallel of 55° , where it disappears altogether, except in the course of the Kuro Siwo, or Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which slants northwards from Japan towards Behring's Strait. That the cold of the great mass of glacial and sub-glacial water which everywhere underlies it, and which rises to the surface beyond its northern and southern borders, is due to an underflow from the Antarctic area, is distinctly indicated by the absolute continuity of the same glacial temperature throughout the deepest stratum—all the way from the Southern Ocean to the Aleutian Islands; the bottom temperatures at depths of two thousand fathoms or more not differing as much as 1° Fahr., whilst the thermal stratification of the whole superincumbent mass up to within five hundred fathoms of the surface shows a similar uniformity.

The thermal condition of the North Atlantic, however, is very different. Putting aside the extraordinarily low temperature of 29.5° revealed by the "Porcupine" temperature soundings in the stratum occupying the deeper part of the channel of five hundred fathoms between the Faroe and the Shetland Islands, which has been since proved to be a southward extension of the true Arctic basin, no lower bottom temperature than 35° had been anywhere met with in our earlier work, while we had found the thickness of the warm stratum ranging from 40° upwards to range from eight to nine hundred fathoms. This want of a truly *glacial* un-

derstratum I attributed to the limitation of the communication between the deeper parts of the Arctic and North Atlantic basins, preventing the coldest water of the former from flowing out into the latter. And this explanation has been borne out by the subsequent temperature soundings of the "Valorous," which have shown the existence of a ridge between Greenland and Iceland, lying at a depth which allows water of 35° to pass over it, while keeping back the deeper stratum of Arctic water. I had further predicted that an Antarctic underflow would probably be found to range to the north of the equator, where it would be recognized by the reduction of the bottom temperature below 35° ; and this prediction was verified in the first temperature section carried by the "Challenger" obliquely across the Atlantic to St. Thomas's, the bottom temperature there falling a degree, and showing a still further reduction as it was subsequently traced southwards to the equator, where it fell nearly to 32° .

But, further, I had ventured the prediction that the meeting of the Arctic and Antarctic underflows under the equator would cause an uprising of cold water from the bottom towards the surface, so that the plane of 40° would be found nearer the surface in the neighborhood of the line, than either to the north or to the south of it; and it was a great surprise to many on board the "Challenger" to find, as they first approached the equator from the Tropic of Cancer, the plane of 40° rapidly rising from a depth of seven hundred fathoms towards the surface, though the temperature of that surface stratum was itself becoming higher and higher; until water of 40° was found at a depth of less than three hundred fathoms, descending again to about four hundred as the "Challenger's" course was laid towards the Tropic of Capricorn. This anomaly had been remarked by Lenz fifty years previously: but the valuable series of temperature observations which he took in Kotzebue's second voyage was strangely overlooked by those who ranked as the highest authorities on the physics of the earth, until recently disinterred by Professor Prestwich.

Not only is the stratum of above 40° Fahr. exceptionally deep in the North Atlantic, but it is exceptionally warm, especially on its western side, where a stratum of water having a temperature above 60° Fahr. was found by the "Challenger" to range to a depth of nearly four hundred fathoms. Taking all cir-

cumstances into account, I entertain no doubt that Sir Wyville Thomson is right in regarding this stratum as the reflux of the northern division of the great Equatorial Current, from the coast of the West India Islands and of the peninsula of Florida, added to that of the Gulf Stream proper. In consequence of the evaporation produced by its prolonged exposure to the tropical sun, this water contains such an excess of salt, as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder water which would otherwise occupy its place in the basin; and consequently substitutes itself for the latter by gravitation, to a depth of several hundred fathoms. Thus it conveys the solar heat downwards, in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of 20° and 40° a great reservoir of *warmth*, the importance of which will presently become apparent.

The "Challenger" investigations have now, I think, afforded the requisite data for the final solution of a question which has been long under discussion — what, namely, the Gulf Stream (or Florida Current) *does*, and what it *does not*, for the amelioration of the climate of north-western Europe. All the best hydrographers, both of this country and of the United States, agree in the conclusion that the Florida Current dies out in the mid-Atlantic, losing all the attributes by which it had been previously distinguished — its movement, its excess of warmth, and its peculiarly deep color; and that it then degenerates into a mere surface drift, the rate and direction of which depend entirely upon the prevalent winds. But, on the other hand, most conclusive proof has been obtained by the systematic comparisons of sea and air temperatures along the western coasts of north-western Europe, that the amelioration of its winter climate is due to the afflux of water of a temperature considerably higher than that of the air. It has been urged with conclusive force by Admiral Irminger (of the Danish navy) that nothing else can account for the openness of the fiords and harbors of the indented coast of Norway, even beyond the North Cape, through the whole winter; whilst the opposite coast of east Greenland, ranging, like it, between the parallels of 60° (that of the Pentland Firth) and 72° N., is so blocked with ice throughout the year as only to be approachable in exceptional summers. And this view has derived full confirmation from the observations systematically carried on under the direction of Profes-

sor Möhn of Christiania (the able head of the Meteorological Department of Norway), which have shown how completely dependent the temperature of the coast-line is upon that of the sea which laves it. For while the temperature of the air is generally much below the freezing-point during the winter months, that of the water is always considerably above it; the average excess at Fruholm, near the North Cape, being as much as 14.5° Fahr. And it has been further shown by Professor Möhn, that not only the coast temperature of Norway during the winter, but its inland climate, is affected in a very marked manner by this afflux of warm water; for the "isocheimials," or lines of mean winter temperature, instead of corresponding with the parallels of latitude, lie parallel to the coast-line.

How, then, are these phenomena to be explained? If the *vis a tergo* of the Gulf Stream has spent itself in the mid-Atlantic, what force brings this afflux of warm water to our shores, and carries it on to the N.E., along the coast of Norway, and even past the North Cape towards Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla? And how does it happen that the water which laves our north-western shores in winter is not only so much warmer than the air which rests upon it, but continues to preserve a notable portion of that warmth at least as far as the North Cape, notwithstanding that as it flows northwards its temperature is more and more in excess of that of the atmosphere above it?

It is obvious that the continual outflow of the deeper stratum of polar water, of which we have evidence in the constant maintenance of the glacial temperature, not only of the sea bottom, but of the great mass of the water contained in the vast oceanic basin, cannot be maintained without a continual indraught of the upper stratum towards the poles: this, as its temperature is progressively lowered, decreases in volume and increases in specific gravity; and as the lower stratum flows away under the excess of pressure, the upper stratum, now cooled down nearly to the freezing-point of salt water, will sink into its place, making way for a new indraught above. The two polar underflows, on the other hand, meeting at or near the equator, will there tend to rise towards the surface, replacing the water which has been draughted away towards either pole; and thus a constant "vertical circulation" must be kept up by opposition of temperature alone, analogous to that which takes place in the

pipes of the hot-water apparatus by which large buildings are now commonly warmed. The only essential difference between the two cases is, that whilst the *primum mobile* in the latter is the heat applied to the bottom of the boiler, making the warmed water ascend by the reduction of its specific gravity due to its expansion, the moving power in the former is the cold applied to the surface of the polar water, making it descend by the increase of specific gravity due to the diminution in its bulk as its temperature is lowered.

This doctrine was first distinctly promulgated nearly forty years ago by the eminent physicist Lenz, on the basis of the temperature observations he had made in Kotzebue's second voyage more than ten years previously; these having satisfied him of two facts — first, the general diffusion of a glacial temperature over the ocean bottom, which he rightly interpreted as dependent on an underflow of polar water; and, second, the nearer approach of cold water to the surface under the equator, than either on the north or on the south of it, which he considered to indicate an uprising of that polar water from below, where the two underflows meet. But, though accepted by Pouillet and other distinguished physicists, this doctrine, with the observations by which it was supported, was entirely lost sight of, until independently advanced by myself as the only feasible explanation of the poleward movement of the whole upper stratum of North Atlantic water, and of the southward outflow of glacial water from the Arctic basin, of which the "Porcupine" temperature soundings seemed to afford conclusive evidence.

My explanation, though contested by Mr. Croll, and not accepted by Sir Wyville Thomson, has been explicitly adopted by a large number of eminent physicists, both British and Continental, among whom I may specially mention Professor Möhn of Christiania, who had previously maintained the dependence of the remarkable climatic condition of Norway on the N.E. extension of the true Gulf Stream. Immediately on receiving the report in which I had demonstrated the inadequacy of the Florida Current to propel as far as the coast of Norway the vast body of warm water required to keep its harbors open, and had shown the dependence of the N.E. movement of the warm upper stratum, to the depth of five hundred fathoms (which I had myself first recognized in the "Porcupine"), on

the poleward indraught that forms the necessary complement of the outward glacial underflow, Professor Möhn not only expressed to me his entire concurrence in both views, but communicated to me a remarkable example he had himself met with, of a similar vertical circulation on a smaller scale. It is to the remarkable thickness of this poleward flow that the surface layer owes its power of so long resisting the cooling effect of the atmosphere which overlies it; so that, as it flows along the coast of Norway towards the North Cape, its temperature even in winter sustains so much smaller a reduction than that of the atmosphere, as to give it an excess which constantly increases with its nothing. But though its surface temperature is so little reduced, the thickness of this warm stratum is undergoing progressive diminution, as its deeper layers successively go up to replace those which have been chilled and have gone down; so that beyond the North Cape, the surface temperature rapidly falls with the eastward movement of this flow along the northern shores of Europe and Asia; and all trace of heat imported from the south-west at last dies out.

As the superheating of the upper stratum of the mid-Atlantic is dependent on the influx of Gulf Stream and other water exceptionally warmed in the Equatorial Current, the *thermal effect* of its N.E. flow is mainly dependent upon the Gulf Stream and its adjuncts, while its *movement* is kept up by the polar indraught. Thus neither the general oceanic circulation, nor the Gulf Stream, could alone produce the result which is due to their conjoint action. The Gulf Stream water, without the polar indraught, would remain in the mid-Atlantic; and the polar indraught, without Gulf Stream water to feed it, would be almost as destitute of thermal power as it is in the South Atlantic.

The transient visit of the "Challenger" to the Antarctic ice-barrier gave her scientific staff the opportunity of examining the structure of the southern icebergs, which altogether differs from that of the icebergs with which our northern navigators are familiar; these last being now universally regarded as *glaciers*, which have descended the seaward valleys of Greenland and Labrador, and have floated away when no longer supported by a solid base; and the informa-

tion they have gathered is of considerable interest, as helping us to form a more definite conception of the condition of our own part of the globe during the glacial epoch. For a number of independent considerations now lead almost irresistibly to the conclusion, that the icebergs of the Antarctic are for the most part detached portions of a vast *ice-sheet*, covering a land surface—either continuous, or broken up into an archipelago of islands—which occupies the principal part of the vast circumpolar area, estimated at about four and a half millions of square miles, or nearly double the area of Australia. Of this ice-sheet, the edge forms the great southern "ice-barrier," which presents itself, wherever it has been approached sufficiently near to be distinctly visible, as a continuous ice-cliff, rising from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level.

The icebergs of the Antarctic Sea are, as a rule, distinguished by their tabular form, and by the great uniformity of their height; this, in bergs which show least signs of change since their first detachment from the parent mass, seldom varies much from two hundred feet above the sea-line. The tabular surface of the typical berg is nearly flat, and parallel with the sea-line; its shape usually approaches the rectangular, and it is bounded all round by nearly perpendicular cliffs. From a comparison of the specific gravity of berg ice with that of sea-water, it appears that the quantity of ice beneath the surface required to float that which is elevated above it must be about nine times as great; in other words, supposing that a berg had the regular shape of a box, its entire depth from its upper surface to its base must be ten times its height above the sea-level. Consequently, if the latter be two hundred feet, the entire height of the mass would be two thousand feet, which might thus be assumed to be the thickness of the ice-sheet from whose margin it was detached. This estimate must not be accepted, however, as other than approximative. The dimensions of these bergs vary greatly. Those seen from the "Challenger" were generally from one to three miles long; but single bergs are reported of seven or even ten miles in length; and an enormous mass of floating ice, probably composed of a chain of bergs locked together, forming a hook sixty miles long by forty broad, and enclosing a bay forty miles in breadth, was passed in 1854 by twenty-one

merchant ships, in a latitude corresponding to that of the northern coast of Portugal.

The upper part of the ice-cliff that forms the exposed face of the bergs is of a pale blue, which gradually deepens in color towards the base. When looked at closely, it is seen to be traversed by a delicate horizontal ruling of faint blue lines separated by dead-white interspaces. These lines preserve a very marked parallelism, but become gradually closer and closer from above downwards, their distance being a foot or even more at the top of the berg, but not more than two or three inches near the surface of the water, where the interspaces lose their dead whiteness, and becomes hyaline or bluish. There can be no doubt that this stratification is due to successive accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface, the spaces between the principal blue lines probably representing approximately the snow-accumulations of successive seasons. The direct radiant heat of the sun is very considerable even in these latitudes, so that the immediate surface of the snow is melted in the middle of every clear day; and the water, percolating into the subjacent layers, freezes again at night. The frequent repetition of this process will convert a very considerable thickness of snow into ice; the blue transparent lamellæ being the most compact, whilst the intervening white veins are rendered semi-opaque by the presence of air-cells. And it is obviously the compression which these undergo, that causes the approximation of the blue lines, and the change to a greater compactness and transparency in the intervening layers, towards the bottom of the cliff. Slight irregularities in the general parallelism of the stratification, and the occasional thinning out of particular lamellæ, were easily accounted for by the drifting of the snow-layers of the surface, before they had become consolidated. And although there are various cases in which the strata had been changed from their original horizontality to various degrees of inclination, sometimes also being traversed by "faults," and occasionally even twisted and contorted, these might all be accounted for by forces acting subsequently to the detachment of the bergs. For their plane of flotation is liable to alteration by changes of form due to unequal melting, and the separation of large masses either above or below the surface; and "dislocations" of various kinds will be produced by collisions and lateral thrusts, when

bergs are impelled against each other by the wind. Sir Wyville Thomson and Mr. Moseley entirely agree in the statement that they could nowhere trace any such "structure" as is produced in a land glacier, during its movement down a valley, by the curvature and contraction of its rocky borders, and the inequalities of the bottom over which it moves. And the presumption is altogether very strong, that these vast masses have originally formed part of a great ice-sheet, formed by the cumulative pressure of successive snow-falls over a land area of no great elevation; which flows downward from its highest level in the direction of least resistance, that is to say from the polar centre towards the continually disintegrating margin, progressively diminishing in thickness as it extends itself peripherally. Thus gradually moving seawards, the ice-sheet will at last pass the margin of the land, but will continue to rest upon the gradually descending sea-bed, flowing down its gentle slope until lifted by its own buoyancy (like a vessel on launch), when vast masses will break off and float away.

Although the observers of the "Challenger" did not see either masses of rock, stones, or even gravel upon any of the icebergs they approached, Wilkes and Ross saw many such; and the "soundings" of the "Challenger" were found to consist of such comminuted clays and sands as would be the result of the abrasion of rocky surfaces over which the ice-sheet had moved; while the dredge brought up a considerable quantity of land *débris* — chiefly basaltic pebbles about the meridian of 80° E., and pebbles and larger fragments of metamorphic rocks further to the eastward. It was probably from the valleys of the great volcanic range, that the rock-masses came which were observed on bergs by Wilkes and Ross; one of which, clearly of volcanic origin, weighed many tons. That the southern circumpolar area is chiefly land, and not water, seems to be further indicated by the absence of any such low temperature of the deeper water, as Sir George Nares ascertained to exist beneath the "palæocrystic" ice of high northern latitudes. For the thermometer, lowered through borings in that ice gave 28° Fahr. at all depths; this being the lowest temperature at which sea-water can remain unfrozen under ordinary circumstances. On the other hand, the bottom temperatures taken in the "Challenger" in closest proximity to the Ant-

arctic ice-barrier nowhere proved to be lower than the temperature of the surface stratum which was cooled by the melting of the berg ice; thus indicating the absence of any supply of yet colder water from a source nearer the pole.

Thus the Antarctic "ice-barrier" is to be regarded as the margin of a polar "ice-cap," whose thickness at its edge is probably about two thousand feet, nine-tenths of it lying beneath the water-line. This margin is not permanent, but is continually wasting away like the terminal portion of a land glacier—not, however, by liquefaction, but by disruption,—and is as continually renewed by the spreading out of the piled-up ice of the area within. What may be the thickness of the "ice-cap" nearer its polar centre, we have at present no means of knowing; but it must doubtless be kept down by the facility of downward flow in almost every direction towards its periphery of ten thousand miles.

In regard to the *animal life* of the deep sea, the "Challenger" researches do not seem likely to yield any new *general result* of striking interest. Our previous work had shown that a depth of three miles, a pressure of three tons on the square inch, an entire absence of sunlight, and a temperature below 32°, might be sustained by a considerable number and variety of animal types; and this conclusion has been fully confirmed and widely extended. Many specimens have been brought up alive from depths exceeding four miles, at which the pressure was four tons on the square inch, considerably exceeding that exerted by the hydraulic presses used for packing Manchester goods. Even the "protected" thermometers specially constructed for deep-sea sounding were frequently crushed; and a sealed glass tube containing air, having been lowered (within a copper case) to a depth of two thousand fathoms, was reduced to a fine powder almost like snow, by what Sir Wyville Thomson ingeniously characterized as an *implosion*; the pressure having apparently been resisted until it could no longer be borne, and the whole having been then disintegrated at the same moment. The *rationale* of the resistance afforded by soft-bodied animals to a pressure which thus affects hard glass, is simply that they contain no air, but consist of solids and liquids only; and that since their constituent parts are not subject to more than a very trifling change of bulk, while the equality of the pressure in

every direction will prevent any change in their form, there is really nothing to interfere with the ordinary performance of their vital functions.

The entire absence of solar light, which constitutes another most important peculiarity in the conditions of deep-sea life, would seem at first sight to be an absolute bar to its maintenance. Experimental evidence has not yet, I believe, been obtained of the direct penetration of the solar rays to more than one hundred fathoms; but as I dredged slow-growing red calcareous algæ (true *corallines*) in the Mediterranean at a depth of one hundred and fifty fathoms (at, or below, which Edward Forbes also would seem to have met with them), the actinic, if not the luminous, rays must probably penetrate to that range. Below what Edward Forbes termed the coralline zone, it would seem impossible that any other type of vegetable life can be sustained, than such as have the capacity of the fungi for growing in the dark; living, like them, upon material supplied by the decomposition of organic compounds. Such lowly plants have been found by Professor P. M. Duncan in corals dredged from more than one thousand fathoms' depth.

Upon what, then, do deep-sea animals feed? In the early stage of this inquiry, it was ascertained by Dr. Frankland that the samples of water procured by the "Porcupine," not only at considerable distances from land, but also from bottoms exceeding five hundred fathoms' depth, contained so much organic matter *not* in a decomposing state, that animals having a large absorbent surface, and requiring but a small proportion of solids in their food, might be sustained by simple imbibition. And an adequate provision for the continual restoration of such material to the ocean water seemed to be made by the surface vegetation which fringes almost every sea-margin, and which occasionally extends itself over large tracts in the open ocean, as, notably, in the Sargasso Sea. But the "Challenger's" researches have thrown a new light on this question, by showing that the animals of the deep sea are largely dependent for their food upon the minute organisms and the *débris* of larger ones, which are continually falling to the bottom from the upper waters.

This *débris* [says Mr. Moseley] is no doubt mainly derived from the surface pelagic flora and fauna, but is also to a large extent composed of refuse of various kinds washed down by rivers, or floated out to sea from shores,

and sunken to the bottom when water-logged. The dead pelagic animals must fall as a constant rain of food upon the habitation of their deep-sea dependents. Maury, speaking of the surface foraminifera, wrote, "The sea, like the snow-cloud, with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." It might be supposed that these shells and other surface animals would consume so long a time in dropping to the bottom in great depths, that their soft tissues would be decomposed, and that they would have ceased to be serviceable as food by the time they reached the ocean bed. Such, however, is not the case, partly because the salt water of the sea exercises a strongly preservative effect on animal tissues, partly because the time required for sinking is in reality not very great.*

Of this Mr. Moseley assured himself by an experimental test, which indicated that the dead body of a floating salpa might sink to a depth of two thousand fathoms in little more than four days, whilst its body might remain for a month so far undecomposed as to be serviceable as food to deep-sea animals. As land was neared, moreover, many interesting proofs were obtained of the feeding of deep-sea animals on *débris* derived from the neighboring shores.

Thus, off the coast of New South Wales we dredged from four hundred fathoms a large sea-urchin which had its stomach full of pieces of a sea-grass (*zostera*) derived from the coast above. Again, we dredged from between the New Hebrides and Australia, from fourteen hundred fathoms, a piece of wood and half-a-dozen examples of a large palm-fruit as large as an orange. In one of these fruits, which had hard woody external coats, the albumen of the fruit was still preserved, perfectly fresh in appearance, and white, like that of a ripe cocoanut. The hollows of the fruits were occupied by two molluscs; the husks and albumen were bored by a teredo-like mollusc; and the fibres of the husks had among them small nematoid worms.†

Branches of trees, also, and leaves of shrubs, in a water-logged condition, were occasionally brought up in the dredge from great depths; and their occurrence, as Mr. Moseley remarks, is of importance, not only to the naturalist, as showing that deep-sea animals may draw large supplies of food from such sources, but also to the geologist, as indicating the manner in which specimens of land vegetation may have been imbedded in deposits formed at great depths.

The entire absence of sunlight on the deep-sea bottom seems to have the same effect as the darkness of caves, in reducing to a rudimentary condition the eyes of such of their inhabitants as fish and crustacea, which ordinarily enjoy visual power; and many of these are provided with enormously long and delicate feelers or hairs, in order that they may feel their way about with these, just as a blind man does with his stick. But other deep-sea animals have enormously large eyes, enabling them to make the best of the little light there is in the depths, which is probably derived (as suggested in the report of the "Porcupine" dredgings) from the *phosphorescence* emitted by many deep-sea animals, especially a certain kind of zoophytes. "It seems certain," says Mr. Moseley, "that the deep sea must be lighted here and there by greater or smaller patches of luminous alcyonarians, with wide intervals, probably, of total darkness intervening; and very possibly the animals with eyes congregate round these sources of light." It is remarkable that with such poverty of light there should be such richness of color among deep-sea animals. Although most deep-sea fish are of a dull black color, and some white as if bleached, deep-sea crustaceans, echinoderms, and zoophytes usually exhibit more color than the corresponding forms that inhabit shallow water. Thus the deep-sea shrimps, which were obtained in very great abundance, were commonly of an intensely bright scarlet; deep-sea holothurians are often of a deep purple; and many deep-sea corals have their soft structures tinged with a madder coloring matter resembling that which occurs in surface-swimming jelly-fish.

As was to be expected from the results of the "Lightning" and "Porcupine" dredgings, the more extended explorations of the "Challenger" have shown that there still live in the sea depths a number of animal forms which were supposed, until thus found, to be extinct, existing only as fossils. And large numbers of interesting new genera and species of known families of animals were obtained; whilst many forms which had been previously accounted of extreme rarity have proved to be really common, having a wide geographical range, and occurring in large numbers in particular spots. This is the case, for example, with the beautiful *pentacrinus*, a survivor from the old liassic times, of which the

* Notes by a Naturalist, p. 58a.

† Ibid. pl. 583.

living specimens preserved in all the museums of the world could have been counted on the fingers not many years ago, all of them having been brought up on fishing-lines from the neighborhood of the West India Islands. As many as twenty specimens of a new species of this most interesting type, however, had been brought up from a depth of eight hundred fathoms in one of the "Porcupine" dredgings off the coast of Portugal. The "Challenger" made a large collection, including several new species, from various localities. And yet more recently the dredgings of Professor Alexander Agassiz in the Gulf of Mexico have shown how thickly many parts of the seabed are covered with these "lily stars" mounted upon their long, wavy stalks.

Those, however, who had expected results of greater zoological and palæontological importance from these explorations must confess to some disappointment:—

Most enthusiastic representations [says Mr. Moseley] were held by many naturalists, and such were especially put forward by the late Professor Agassiz, who had hopes of finding almost all important fossil forms existing in life and vigor at great depths. Such hopes were doomed to disappointment; but even to the last, every cuttle-fish which came up in our deep-sea net was squeezed to see if it had a belemnite's bone in its back, and trilobites were eagerly looked out for. . . . We picked up no missing links to fill up the gaps of the great zoological family tree. The results of the "Challenger's" voyage have gone to prove that the missing links are to be sought out rather by more careful investigation of the structure of animals already partially known, than by hunting for entirely new ones in the deep sea.*

The work which has been already done by Mr. Moseley himself in this direction, contained in the memoirs he has presented to the Royal and Linnæan Societies, is of first-rate value. And if the whole, or even any considerable part, of the vast "Challenger" collection shall be worked out by the various specialists among whom it has been distributed, with anything like the same completeness and ability, it cannot be questioned that the series of volumes in which the scientific results of this voyage will be embodied, will far surpass in interest and importance those reports of previous circumnavigation expeditions which are accounted models of their class.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

* Notes of a Naturalist, p. 587.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE "CROOKIT MEG:"

A STORY OF THE YEAR ONE.

XIII.

It was the forenoon of the day on which the Achnagatt harvest-home was to be held; and Mrs. Mark and her daughters were busy in the kitchen preparing "sowens" and other delicacies for the entertainment. I have not got a copy of Mrs. Dods in the house, and cannot therefore give you any authoritative recipes for the dishes that were being made ready. There were bannocks, and oatcakes, and piles of fresh butter, and basins of yellow cream, and an ample supply of Glendronoch. The girls were pictures of health; their short petticoats disclosed serviceable, though by no means clumsy feet and ankles; their arms were bare and bespattered with the flour and oatmeal which they were baking into the delicious home-made bread of the farmhouse,—not the arms more white than milk of which the poet sings, but good, honest, sturdy arms, tanned a little by the sun while milking, and reddened a little by the fire when cooking. The girdle was suspended over the peats, and there was a constant running to and fro between it and the baking-board. Cousin Kate was considered the prettiest of these unsophisticated Graces; but Kate was the housewife too; and indeed a sort of commander-in-chief, who looked after her father's accounts, and took charge of the dairy. Mrs. Mark's exertions in bringing these nice girls, and one or two rather violently-disposed schoolboys, into the world, associated as they had been with a growing tendency to plumpness, had induced her to hand over the active duties of preparing for the feast to her slimmer daughters; while she and Miss Sherry, who had been brought out from Peelboro' by Mark on the previous evening, sat in the ingleneuk with their spinning-wheels,—the constant companion of gentle and simple at the time of which I am writing. Altogether the kitchen was highly picturesque. The girls flitting to and fro, with their sparse petticoats and upturned sleeves, in the frisky mettlesomeness of earliest maidenhood; Miss Sherry, with her old-fashioned spinning-wheel (which is being again introduced into our drawing-rooms in an ineane and irrelevant way); the long array of shining pots and pans and willow-pattern plates suspended in a haik above the dresser; the gipsy-looking girdle; the wide, home-

ly, hospitable fireplace; the ruddy glow of the peats; the gathering shadows of the October night: it is one of those "symphonies" in light and shade which are not easily forgotten, especially by children, artists, and lovers.

Miss Sherry was an institution of Peel-boro', where she and her sister Grace lived in one of the nicest houses of the town. Each of those old patrician mansions had its motto (*had*—for they are all gone) carved in good broad Scots over the doorway. "Feir the Lord." "Flie from syn." "Mak for lyf everlastin'." "No this lyf is bot vanity." "Svear note." The house occupied by Miss Sherry and her sister had belonged to the Earls Marischal, and their defiant distich—"They haif sayd: Qhat sayd they? Lat them say"—was nearly as characteristic of its present occupants as of the old fighting Keiths. These elderly Scotch ladies of the year one had indeed small regard for what would now be termed public opinion and the proprieties. Miss Sherry was one of this race of old Scottish gentlewomen; for though by no means rich, and mixing rather with the middle than with the upper classes, she had a strain of gentle blood in her veins which made her fifteenth or sixteenth cousin to all the great people in the county. The old admiral loved Miss Sherry and her caustic speech; he called her "cousin," and always sent the sisters a fat goose on New Year's Day. He made a point of calling upon them whenever he visited the burgh (which he represented in Parliament—the provost and two other freeholders forming the constituency; and a very good constituency it was—holding remarkably sound and constitutional opinions), and drank a glass of their elderberry wine without wincing, and indeed in the cheeriest possible spirit. Her niece, Mrs. Mark, was naturally proud of the connection; and Miss Sherry was always a welcome visitor at the farm. She was a neat, natty, daintily-dressed old lady; and her sharp face and keen eyes (which had seen seventy summers) were nearly as fresh as her grand-nieces', and disclosed a fund of shrewd intelligence and sarcastic life. She had witnessed in her time a good deal of hard living, and hard drinking, and hard swearing, without being prudishly scandalized. Yet her directness of speech and somewhat easy morals belonged to the outside, and there was a sound heart and high principle behind.

"And the doctor bid me tell you," Miss

Sherry was saying, as she sat burrin' at her wheel, "that he'd be here before dark and bring John Skinner wi' him—(that harn's not what it used to be). The auld man's beginnin' to fail—he's no sae soople as he was when I mind him first; but he has a gran' voice for a man o' his years—he's aughty if he's a day—and he sings his ain sangs verra sweetly. We maun hae the 'Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,' or 'Tullochgorum.' It's fearsome, Marion, to think how auld we are gettin'; it's sixty years last June since he was clapt into the Tolbooth by the sodgers, and his wife—puir thing—at the doun-lying. Weel-a-wat, the doctor may flyte as he likes at the like o' us"—all these old Buchan ladies were stout for Episcopacy—"but he'd best let *that* flee stick to the wa'. He's a snell body the doctor; he wunna argue wi' an auld wife like me, and if I drive him into a corner he jist taks his pinch o' snuff, and tells me that I maun hae heard that the deil and the dean begin wi' ae letter; when the deil gets the dean the kirk'll be the better; and then he makes me the yeligant bow which he learned at the court o' Louise Quinze—so he says—and marches aff wi'oot waitin' for an answer. But he's a steady hand at a rubber—that I maun alloo—and after a' the body's kind in his way—though peccoliar."

"What's become o' your feyther, lassies?" Mrs. Mark observes to her daughters. "The barn must be ready by this time; and the folk'll be arrivin' shortly. Sae run and dress yoursels, my dears, and auntie and I'll see that the cakes dinna singe."

So the Three Graces rush up the wooden stairs to don their finery; and Miss Sherry resumes.

"I maun speak to the doctor about our Kirsty,—she'll hae to stan' the session. Kirsty considers a lad jist perfec' salvation; and I've aften tellt her how it wud end. Yet when she cam' to me wi' her head in her apron, I cudna believe my ears, for she's a dounricht fright. 'Kirsty Meerison,' says I, 'it's not possible—an ill-fa'ured limmer like you! Wha in the name o' mercy's the feyther o' the wean?' 'Indeed, Miss Sherry,' says the impudent hizzy in a bleeze at the notion, 'I could hae got plenty o' feythers.'"

"Dear me," says Mrs. Mark, "I'm sorry for Kirsty."

"But it's the same wi' them a'—a lad's jist perfect salvation. And there's Mark's sister, Eppie Holdfast—she'll be comin' to the ploy, nae doobt?"

"She wudna say when Kate gaed up to see. The auld mither has been but poorly this month back —"

"It's little Eppie cares for her mither," Miss Sherry retorted, "and she'll come if she chooses, you may depend on that. I dinna like the clash I hear aboot Eppie in the Broch. There's that nice lad frae Moray—at least they say that baith he and Uncle Ned belang to Fochabers—Alistair Ross, is clean daft aboot her; but Eppie, they tell me, hauds up her nose at him. And they do say—but ye'll ken best, Marion, though there's aye water whar the stirkie drowns—that she's ower thick wi' young Hacket —"

"Harry is laird noo," Mrs. Mark interposed.

"To be sure, we a' ken that the laird's dead," says Miss Sherry. "He was an acquaintance o' mine in auld days, afore he gaed gyte—never a freen'. There were some bad stories aboot him lang syne, and if puir Rob Cheeves hadna been a fule we micht hae gotten some verra enterteenin' information noo that Jack Hacket's safe awa'. And young Hairy's a bad boy, or I'm mistaen. Bourd not wi' bawtie; and if Eppie comes, I maun gie her a word o' advice. Mark should look after her a bit."

"Eppie'll gang her ain gait, auntie—we munna mell. But I shouldna wonner if baith Alistair and Harry Hacket were at the ploy to-night —"

"Harry Hacket!" exclaimed Miss Sherry. "It's no a week sin' the auld man was buried. It wudna be decent, but it's little for decency he cares."

"Weel, auntie, I dinna ken; but Mark met him on the road yestreen, and he thocht it was neeborlike to ask him to come across. Mark's very simple—honest man!—but Hairy was as ceevil as could be, and Mark thinks he'll come."

Then the guests began to arrive.

XIV.

THE farm lads and lasses were sent to eat their cakes and sup their "sowens" in the barn; whereas Dr. Caldcail, Mr. Skinner, Captain Knock, and one or two more of the better sort, were ushered into the parlor. Mark gave his friends a cordial greeting and a tremendous "grip;" and they forthwith gathered round the hospitable board, where the savory messes prepared by the Graces were steaming invitingly. A cold turkey, a red-hot haggis, crappit-heads, mealy puddings, a roly-poly—these old Scotch dishes were worthy of the worthy people

who were bred upon them. So long as the "Noctes Ambrosianae" survive—and the "Noctes" will live when the radicals and republicans who sneer at the ambrosial nights and their ideal gluttony are eaten of worms (the poor worms!)—the memory at least of this national and historical fare will be kept fresh and savory—embalmed in immortal prose.

"Mr. Skinner will ask a blessing on these mercies," says Mark; and then they set to, and eat as they could eat in the year one.

A sweet and venerable old man was John Skinner, genial and easy-tempered as a singer of songs should be, yet with a quiet tenacity of character and conviction that could have nerved him to die had it been required of him for what he deemed to be the truth of God. The evil persecuting days, when he had been dragged from his bed to jail for venturing to minister to the scattered remnant, had passed away like a bad dream; and now, loved and honored by gentle and simple, he saw his children's children at his knee, and peace in Israel. He had been a poet of the people before Robert Burns was born; and now "puir Robbie" was dead, and the old man mourned for him as for a brother.

Captain Knock, who was seated beside the comely hostess, was in great force.

"A remarkable turkey, Mrs. Holdfast, a verra fine turkey indeed, and you maun favor me wi' the receipt for the stuffin', which is maist excellent. But if you had seen the breed we had at Tillymaud! they were simply stu-pen-dious! I mind the admiral dining wi' me ae day. 'Captain,' says he, 'that turkey weighs fifteen pund's good.' 'Fifteen pund's!' says I. 'I'll wager a dozen of Bordeaux that it's thirty if it's an ounce.' 'Done!' says he—and we had it oot o' the dish and weighed upon the spot. It was five-and-thirty pund's, as I'm a leein' sinner! The admiral wudna believe his eyes; but he sent the hog'shead a' the same, and gude claret it was, and weel liket for mony a day. We ca'ed it the thirty-five."

Miss Sherry for her share had a minister on either hand,—the kindly representatives of the rival creeds.

"The doctor tells me, John Skinner, that ye are leavin' us for gude and a'. That maunna be; the bishop's a worthy man and a gude son; but it wud be a sin to tak' you from your auld freens."

"Indeed, Miss Sherry, I'm beginnin' to break, and the lasses are a' forisfamiliar, and in spite of the Gude Book and a

bit sang at times the house feels lonely, tho' Kirsty is a canty and couthie lass."

"And the Pharos o' Linshart," said the doctor, "will be darkened! Have you considered how the Longside lads will wun thro' the Longgate bogs on the mirk nights?"

"We are unaccoontable beings," replied the old man softly. "Will you believe me, Miss Sherry, that I canna thole the notion o' extinguishin' that poor little Pharos, as oor reverend freen' ca's it? It has burned there for fifty years as steady as the polar star. I was tellin' the laird that he maun execute a mortification on its behalf: but he says that in that case the auld man maun bide to see that it burns fairly. Indeed, Pitfour has a kind heart, and I sent him a bit rhyming letter o' thanks for a' the gude he has daen to me and mine."

"You maun gie me a copy, John Skinner," says Miss Sherry. "I dearly love your verses—yours and Robbie's; tho' the doctor here is a' for Pop, and Swift, and Addison—feckless bodies wi' their fashionless English trashtrie. But you see he has nae ear for music, puir man!"

"Come, come, Miss Sherry, that's not fair. I could ance dance Tullochgorum with the best of you; and I agree with Rob that there's a wild happiness o' thocht and expression—that's what he wrote you, Skinner, if I remember richtly—about the 'Ewie with the Crookit Horn,' which makes it one o' the best o' Scotch songs. But, my dear freen', do let us hear a verse or two o' the epistle to Pitfour."

"My memory is no what it used to be, tho' indeed to this day I can repeat the maist part o' 'Chryste-Kirk-o'-the-Green.' But there's two-three lines that—wud you believe it!—brocht the tears into my auld een as I penned them;" and the old man repeated in a low voice a few simple lines somewhat to this effect:—

Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
My race through poverty and labor run;
Wishing to be by all my flock beloved,
And for long service by my Judge approved;
Death at my door, and heaven in my eye—
From rich or great what comfort now need I?

There was a shadow of a tear in Miss Sherry's keen eyes as he concluded, and the doctor exclaimed somewhat testily, "Hoots, hoots, my freen', this will never do. You'll set us greetin', and what wud Mrs. Mark say to weet eyes at her ploy?"

"To be sure, to be sure; yet, as we a'

ken, doctor, joy wi' jist a touch o' regret is ever the sweetest. And tears and smiles are aye meetin' in this changefu' world. Seria non semper delectant, non joca semper. Semper delectant seria mixta jocis. Beggin' Miss Sherry's pardon."

"That's true, my freen', and we'll talk nae mair Latin, tho' indeed no man can write better Latin than John Skinner. And that reminds me that I've never got the copy o' the 'Batrachomyomachia Homeri latinis vestita cum additamentis' (your pardon again, Miss Sherry) that you promised to send me."

"It will be ready by the new year. It's still in Charles Chalmers' printin' office."

"Mark is lookin' at you, doctor," says Miss Sherry.

"Mr. Skinner," Mark shouts from the bottom of the table, "I hear Sandy Scott tunin' his fiddle. They'll be waitin' for us in the barn. But we maunna part till you sing us the 'Ewie.'"

"Mark," said the old man, "I've never sung the 'Ewie' since my dear Grisel left me. But there's a wheen verses to the tune o' 'Auld Lang Syne' that might not come amiss at this time."

And then he sang, in a remarkably pure and clear voice for a man of eighty, to the air that goes direct to every Scotsman's heart, a verse or two from the "Auld Minister's Sang."

Sae well's I min' upo' the days
That we in youthfu' pride
Had used to ramble up the braes
On bonnie Boggie's side.
Nae fairies on the haunted green,
Where moonbeams twinkling shine,
Mair blythely frisk aroun' their queen,
Than we did lang syne.

Though ye live on the banks o' Doun,
And me besooth the Tay,
Ye well might ride to Faulkland town
Some bonny simmer's day.
And at that place where Scotland's king
Aft birlt the beer and wine,
Let's drink, an' dance, an' laugh, an' sing,
An' crack o' auld lang syne.

"Noo, doctor," said Miss Sherry, "mind, ye are promised to dance a strathspey wi' me."

"Indeed, Miss Sherry, my dancin' days are past, forbye it was the minuet we mainly practised at the French court in the year sixty-five. But," continued the doctor gallantly, "I never could resist the solicitations of the gentle sex. Ye will have your fling at Pop, Miss Sherry; but wha could compliment the leddies like Pop?"

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

So I maun do my best wi' my auld legs," he added, looking down complacently at the knee-breeches and black silk stockings then commonly worn as evening dress by the order to which he belonged.

XV.

THE fun had become fast and furious before Eppie arrived. She was dressed with excessive simplicity; she always dressed simply. She had discovered that the simplest dress set off to best advantage her shapely figure and finely-poised head.

The doctor, rather out of breath with the strathspey, was seated beside Miss Sherry when she arrived. "What a grand creature it is!" he said. "But she's oot o' her place in a farmhouse. She should hae been bred in a palace. She's fine as Desdemona. She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks."

"Gude be here, doctor," said Miss Sherry. "I houp she disna think o' lyin' by onybody's side yet. Eppie's jimp eighteen; and I never did quite like the expression o' her face. Gie me a sweet honest face like Kate's; that's the face that wears best."

"Nothing venture nothing have," quoth the doctor. "If I were a young man I wud risk a fa' for Eppie."

It was clear that more than one at least of the young fellows present were of the doctor's opinion. Eppie had known, as if by instinct, the moment she entered, that both Alister and Hacket were present; and she had barely greeted her aunt before they were by her side.

"No," she said, merely bending her head to the young men, "I canna dance; mother's poorly. I've promised Cousin Mark to be his partner for a Hoolachan." Cousin Mark, commonly known as Mopsy, was a chubby-cheeked, curly-headed little fellow of eight, who doted on his youthful aunt. "But I maun be hame in an hour."

She made up her mind that the situation was too dangerous. So she would dance with neither.

Alister retreated; Harry looked black as thunder. Then the fiddle struck up; the floor was quickly covered by the dancers; the girls were swiftly swung round by their partners in the frantic passion of Tullochgorum; the pace grew faster and faster; there were wild shouts and shrieks and laughter. Little Mark clung to Eppie, and was whirled off his feet in

the delirium of the dance. It was a grand romp to an air that puts mettles into the clumsiest feet—the sort of Bacchanalian riot in which these grave people give vent to the suppressed excitement of their lives. Out of such moments they snatch a fearful joy, unfamiliar to the grey sky of a land that seldom brightens into imperfect sunshine.

Eppie and little Mark threw themselves on a bench in a dim corner. Even in the noisy rapture of the dance, Eppie, whose head was always cool, has had time to whisper to Harry (who was leaning against the wall, watching her moodily), "Harry, I maun speak to you. There's word from Dick."

So when the dance was finished, Harry sauntered up sulkily to the place where she sat with the boy in the partial darkness. He was in one of his black moods.

"Rin awa', Mopsy," she whispered to the boy; and then turning to Harry, and looking him straight in the face with her careless, unshrinking eyes, "Dinna glower, Harry," she said. "You might have the sense to see that I couldna dance wi' you the night. But, sulky or no, it's the same to me—only I maun gie you the message I gat frae Cummin Summers. He was waitin' outside to see you, but he couldna bide langer. They were fishin' on the Gutter-Bank last night. The 'Crookit Meg' is cruising about the bank, waitin' for the neap tide. He spoke to Dick and the skipper. They will run for Pot-head on Monday night whenever it's dark, and they'll ken from the light at Port Erroll whar they can land freely. Now, go; see, they are lookin' at us."

"But, Eppie, why are you so unkind? It's weeks since I saw you, and now you haven't a civil word for a poor devil. Let me take you home."

"No—no—no," she exclaimed, hastily. "Watty is here wi' his lantern; it's only a minute's run. Bide whar you are, Harry; there would be a clash if you gaed wi' me."

"Stay, Eppie, one minute. What are we to do with the gauger?" looking askant at Alister, who was now seated at the other end of the room with one of the Graces. "I hear he's at your place every Sabbath afternoon, he and that crazy fule Uncle Ned." (Eppie frowned.) "It'll be clean impossible to land a keg if he's in the way; oor men winna face him. Well, this is the last job of the kind for me; I'm sick of the risk. And, Eppie, anither word. You said that you would wear a cross like Lady Yerroll's. Now, the skip-

per is to get one at Antwerp—a gold cross set wi' pearls from the Braes o' Gicht. I gaed him a dozen wi' him that I got whan divin' as a boy——"

Eppie was touched. "Harry, that was kind of you. A gowd cross——"

At this moment they were interrupted by the doctor and Miss Sherry.

"What do I hear about a gold cross?" said the doctor, who saw, with his quick tact, that the situation was difficult, and who was ready to shield, as far as he could, a pretty girl like Eppie. "We'll have no papistrie in Buchan, Mr. Hacket—not even to oblige Miss Sherry, who is hand and glove wi' the Pop. No, no, Miss Eppie, if we are to introduce the cross into a land which has profited by the Reformation, it maun be a less debatable article, and mair becomin' a sweet lass like yoursel.' There is another Pop for whom my freen' Miss Sherry has nae particular regard—in fact, no regard at all—and he wrote some most delectable verses,—in English, I grant you: he didna understan' the Scots, mair's the pity—about his Belinda's cross——"

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

The doctor rattled off his nonsense gallantly, resolved to see Eppie out of the scrape if possible. Hacket, with a sullen salutation to Miss Sherry, had turned away; Eppie had drawn herself up to her full height, and stood at bay with a curl on her lips, and the unpleasant look in her eyes. Miss Sherry was ready for battle.

"Eppie Holdfast," she said, "it becomes a maid to walk warily. The doctor kens that I'm nae a precesian"—here she turned round; but the doctor, seeing the conflict inevitable, had fled—"and I've nae patience wi' the Pharisee who because he has a sore nose threeps that a' the world should wear plasters. But there's a line across which an honest lass canna venture; and Harry Hacket is no an improvin' freen' for an honest lass. It's no that he's wild, Eppie—maist young lads will get into a scrape at times; but he's hard and cruel. He wull seek a' that you can gie him; and then leave you without a thocht. Tak' my word—I kent his feyther, and I ken himsel'. They're like aye anither as two peas—baith in body and soul. Listen to me, Eppie. There are things which I canna speak o' to a young lass like you; but had you seen Lizzie Cheeves last week fished out o' Port Henry——"

Eppie could listen no longer. Her heart had beat louder than it had done even during the reel,—though her lips did not cease to smile, and her eye did not quail.

"Harry—Mr. Hacket—is naething to me—less than naething," she said, with a cold hauteur that would have become a queen.

And then she turned away, and went home without another word. The warning could not have come at a less fortunate time; for to-night, for the first time, her heart had softened to Harry—a little bit—a very little bit.

Do not misunderstand me. It was pity that softened her—not love. Ever since Alister's return it had become daily clearer to herself that some unknown spiritual force had taken possession of her soul. She resented the unfamiliar durance, strove against it as a captive against his chain. She had been mistress of herself till now, except for one brief intoxicating moment months ago upon the moonlight sea; and it humbled her to feel that her heart was growing stronger than her will. She was angry with both her lovers. She spoke coldly to Harry; to his rival she was brusque and repellant. But if Alister had been able to lift the veil, he would have known that she was already won.

XVI.

ALISTER was sitting next morning with Uncle Ned in the small and secluded apartment where he kept his birds. It was like the sanctuary of an Egyptian temple—dedicated to Ibbs. Neither into this sanctuary could any profane foot penetrate.

"It's nae gude, Uncle Ned," said poor Alister, with a smothered sob.

"There you're wrang, my boy. Eppie is an incalculable lass, nae doobt; but I canna believe that she cares for Hacket. Eppie has seen the light, he is in the blackness o' darkness. And, Alister," he continued, as Alister rose to go, "if you are passing the manse, will you tell the doctor that I would like a word wi' him?"

So Alister departed, and Uncle Ned, who was engaged in skinning a black-throated diver, was left alone with his gods.

Happy, harmless deities! worthy of a golden age, before the gods of war and rapine and metaphysics were invented. Surely no creed is more innocent than that which believes that these swift-

winged ambassadors of the skies — coming we know not whence, going we know not whither — are sacred birds, despatched on a peaceful errand, charged with a divine message, which only the initiated caste who devote days and nights to the study of that primitive exquisite language can decipher.

This bony, threadbare, weather-beaten old man is sitting among forms of really charming comeliness — forms of which he is the creator. The arts of the painter and the sculptor indeed are unknown to Uncle Ned; yet, taking a shapeless mass of skin and bones and feathers, he puts light into the eye and motion into the wing; adorable pensiveness into the heart of the cushat, heroic daring into the soul of the osprey and the merlin. And each of his groups is, so to speak, a picture of life and manners — a picture which tells its story with even more than John Leech's simplicity and directness.

The white breast of a marrot half conceals the cunningly tinted egg on which it rests, while its mate looks out meanwhile from over the rocky nest at the grey dawn which touches the horizon. Above them a row of the common guillemot stand as painfully erect as raw recruits under the hands of the drill sergeant. A diver in motley protracts a coquettish interview with her red-throated swain; and the sensitive, caressing, petulant motion of the birds as they sail lightly along the beach has been piquantly arrested. Then there is a fierce though somewhat burlesque conflict between a family of rabbits and a pugnacious puffin, whose wonderful bill and variegated plumage contrast effectively with the family party in drab whose burrow he is trying to storm. A black guillemot in its summer plumage flies lightly across the grey sea that is already breaking into foam before the low breeze that rises at nightfall; anon a fairy-like group of miniature terns retreat hastily upon their gauzy wings in rapid and clamorous alarm. On the other side a jack snipe, with a leer of malicious intelligence lighting up his partially closed eye, stands placidly among the watery reeds; and near him, upon the bleached sand of the stream that whimples past the sedge, a purple heron watches a black-backed minnow with the earnestness partly appreciative and partly cynical, which characterizes his grave and courtly connection.

Meanwhile Uncle Ned, raising his head occasionally for an affectionate survey of

the walls, continues his work — now whistling softly, anon talking discursively to himself, a habit which he had acquired in his long, solitary rambles.

"I dinna believe that ony boonds can be set to the sagacity o' beasts and birds, — specially birds. They have undoubtedly a quicker and finer sensebeelty than fowr-legged beasts, — which is not to be wondered at considerin' their daintier and mair delicate upbringin'. That storks will live only in republics is a proposition that is unsupported by credible testimony; and would not indeed increase ane's opinion o' the poleetical intelligence and discrimination of the bird. Yet I can well believe that resting on ae leg while haudin' up the ither, she keeps a chucky-stane in her claw, which droppin' when she is like to sleep, the noise waukens her. Nor is that auld story incredible which affirms that when the geese pass Mount Taurus they stap their pipes fu' o' gravel to avoid gaggling, and so by silence escape the eagles, — for it is jist clean impossible to circumvent a wild-guse."

Then, as the work proceeds rapidly under the deft fingers, his thoughts wander away to the great master of his imaginative life.

"The doctor maintains whiles in his humorsome way that Shakespeare is but a nominis umbra, and that nature hersel' fashioned the play as she fashions the crystals and the shells. And indeed it is true in a sense. But there is mair than the inevitable instinct o' the silkworm in Lear and Hamlet and Macbeth. It seems to me whiles that ilk ane o' the great plays incarnates a master passion o' the sowl: love wi' its bitter sweetness in Juliet; and jealousy, which is cruel as the grave, in Othello; and anger and desire and madness and patriotism and ambition. But as I grow auld I have a queer fondness for 'Measure for Measure,' which they say he wrote when a lad; tho' I canna believe it; for it traverses a' the problems o' life and death, justice and injustice, order and anarchy, the strict operation o' law and the finer compensations o' equity; and contains the latest judgments of that maister mind on ilka chance o' the game in this vast tennis-court, where men and women are the ba's."

"So Uncle Ned is at his auld tricks again?" quoth the cheery voice of the doctor at the door. "Shakespeare and the musical glasses, as the vicar says?"

"Sit down, doctor, sit down. I'm in that humor that if I canna speak to you or

Alistair, I maun speak to mysel'. And sae our musical freen', Mr. Skinner, means to leave Linshart,—troth, I'm grieved to hear it. Mony a nicht, wadin' after wild deucks across the Rora mosses, the licht o' that kindly beacon has warmed my heart. There is naething mair lonesome than these lang watches beneath the stars,—when we feel that we are being carried swiftly thro' boondless space, when oor bit warld seems but an insecure and narrow perch. If we lose oor hold, doctor, hoo far do we fa'? But that's mair than a' the doctors can tell. We see aboot us for a bit, and then, as Hamlet says, the rest is silence. If you'll move the Tammy Nory to ae side you'll find that a safter seat, doctor."

"And that's a Tammy Nory," the doctor replied, lifting the bird and seating himself in its place; "and perhaps you could tell me, Uncle Ned, what's the difference between a Tammy Nory and a John Dory."

"Noo, doctor, I'm no prepared at present to enter on a metaphyseical discussion. But I wanted to speak a word to you about Alistair. The commodore says that he does his wark verra weel; but it's clear to me that the lad has tined heart a'thegither."

"Alistair is bewitched, Uncle Ned, clean bewitched; and the little French monkey at Fontainebleau has done the mischief. What sweet oblivious antidote can physic love?—give him a dose of it and the boy will mend. I saw the witch at Achnagatt last night: she has got a great big blustering horse-fly in her web, and she means to—to—eat him. What fools the women are, to be sure—and the men too! Yet it seems to pay: Fortuna favit fatuis."

"Ay, doctor, the deil's aye gude to his ain. But I can mak' naethin o' Eppie noo. Speak to her and she jist sits and looks at you wi' her black, gipsy eyes, wi'oot answerin' a word. A maiden has nae tongue but thought. True; yet there's something uncanny and bye ordinair' in Eppie's silence."

"Hang it, man, dinna fash her. It's you and Miss Sherry will drive her across the dyke. She's no the first witch I've kent,—they were in covies at Paris in the year sixty-five. Wha can tell what thochts pass thro' these inscrutable creatures,—specially at eighteen or thereby? The dean declares that women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they pit on one stocking after another! Nae doobt they settle down after a bit; but they

need a light hand at startin'. But here's Willie Macdonald wi' the papers,—let's hear what the *Journal* says."

A battle might be lost, or a crown cast away like a bauble, without Uncle Ned being a bit the wiser. He took little or no interest in the politics of the grosser world: whereas the fact that the puffins arrived each year at the Scrath Rock on the thirtieth of April was really momentous. But the doctor was a keen politician.

Any reader who cares to consult a file of the *Journal* for the year one may do so at his leisure. He may possibly light upon the very number which Dr. Caldcail unfolded in Adam Meldrum's inner chamber on that October morning. The career of Galloping Dick, the highwayman, he will observe, has been brought to a close on the Aylesbury scaffold. Marengo has been fought, and Seringapatam taken, and Tippoo Saib killed. Possibly the most vivid reminiscence that these names will conjure up to him is old Mrs. Baird's pious ejaculation when she heard that Tippoo had chained her son to a brother officer,—“Lord pity the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!” But from the columns devoted to the latest London news (ten days old) he will learn that smuggling is alarmingly on the increase, and that the laws for its suppression are to be vigorously enforced.

XVII.

ALISTER had the day before him—there was no duty for him to attend to until the dark set in. He had half a mind to go to Fontainebleau; but he was warned by the sure apprehension of love that it would be better to leave Eppie to herself to-day.

He wandered away to the north along the shore—across sandy creeks, pebbly beaches, tangled rocks. The Peelboro' river, as you know, cuts the North Bay in two; on the near side are the scrappy patches of greens and potatoes belonging to the fisher people at the Ronheads, on the other a wide stretch of wind-swept bents.

A pair of red-throated divers chased each other along the shore, exactly as in Uncle Ned's picture. Towards the centre of the bay small parties of the long-tailed northern duck were diving vigorously as if for dear life, while the piratical skuas—a sort of cross between the gull and the hawk—pursued with shrill cries their more honest and industrious neighbors.

Alister threw himself among the bents on the margin of the river. The stream flowed noiselessly through the moist marshy plain; on either hand rose the snowy drifts of the sandhills; midway across the angle which they form the blue, lustrous sea-line ran straight as an arrow.

Alister was deeply in love—over head and ears, as I have said; but his heart was sore. And yet Uncle Ned's words that morning came back upon him more than once like a gleam of light. Was it possible after all that Eppie loved him in her heart of hearts? She had spoken to him rudely, brusquely, icily; but he had once held her in his arms, and it might be—

He was lying about fifty yards above the ferry which crosses to the old churchyard of St. Fergus. The tide was out and the river was low, there had been hardly a drop of rain for weeks.

"Good-bye, granny," he heard a clear, girlish voice exclaim; "I'll won through fine."

A trim little lass! her boddice and kirtle of shepherd tartan, her feet and arms bare, bright yellow curls clustered round a bright rosy face. She tripped down the steep pathway that leads to the river; hesitated for a moment on the brink; dipped her foot into the water with a little coquettish shiver and grimace; and then "killing her coats" about her knees, waded steadily across the stream. Then she turned, and kissing her hand to the old woman who had come with her thus far, disappeared among the bents.

Alister had seen this pretty little pastoral unseen.

But now the old woman approached him slowly, speaking aloud to herself in the garrulous abandonment of old age, and of a life even lonelier than Uncle Ned's.

"A sweet bairn!" she said; "the Lord keep her from harm! Savin' this bit lass not one left! Truly they Hackets have been sair upon oor folk. Elspeth Cheyne—Lizzy Cheeves—Esther Pratt. 'Deed, sirs, the world's a hard place for them that's doun, and its sma' comfort to hear that the neist is waur. I wonder what Corbie made o' the paper I gied him—I'm no sure that it was wiselike to leave it with the tipsy, haverin' body—Elspeth aye warned me to keep it close. So Joe Hackett is dead at last—wi' a' his misdeeds on his head—and Hairie—"

"Good day to you, Mrs. Cruickshank," said Alister, looking up.

The old woman started violently.

"It's you, Alister!" she said, recovering herself slowly with her hand on her heart. "I thocht it was the ghaist of ane that's awa. What gars you skeer an auld wife wi' sic antics? Ay, ay, I ken what you mean, and possibly you heard not what I said; and yet—" She paused doubtfully for a moment, then added with sharp significant emphasis, "Yet hear to me, Alister Ross. If ony lass you ken is acquaint with Harry Hackett, bid her gie him a wide berth. And, Alister, you're a gude lad—a gude lad tho' a gauger—yet it's no' for love o' you an' yours that I'm willing to speak—tho' what indeed can you learn from a doited auld wife like me?—yet if by chance you should be at Hell's Lum on Mononday nicht—"

"At Hell's Lum?" Alister repeated with a sudden eagerness of interest in his voice, which, however, the old woman did not notice.

"Ay, my lad, at Hell's Lum—wi' your men at your back, mind, and your muskets handy."

She paused again.

"Is it the 'Crookit Meg' you mean?" he asked eagerly, thrown off his guard.

The rash exclamation interrupted the flow of her angry confidences—she became reticent at once. For in the code of honor current among the country people in the year one, the "informer" was regarded with peculiar disfavor.

"The 'Crookit Meg'?" she replied with a stolid look. "Wha spoke o' the 'Crookit Meg'? Na, na, Alister, there's waur folk aboot than the 'Crookit Meg,'—folk wha are weel awa if they bide. And so, gude e'en to you, my lad."

The old woman turned from him sharply, and pursued her way up the river-side, towards the old castle of the Keiths, and the secluded hamlet of Invernettie.

POSTSCRIPT.

"Why do you call your hero 'Alister'?" writes an inquisitive reader of this tale; to which I should be inclined to answer that *that* is my own concern—but for one reason. And my reason is, that I am really anxious to find an opportunity of saying that my hero's name was the name of a very gallant young fellow (hence, my good sir, the motive and explanation of my choice), who was an immense favorite with all of us who knew him. For Alister Campbell (of Auchindarroch, in Argyleshire), though one of the most ardent and daring, was, at the same time, one of the gentlest and sweetest-mannered of men. No man

like Alister for winning the fancy of a child—no man like Alister for leading a storming party or a forlorn hope! He was only thirty-two when he fell, cheering on the Swazies before Sekukuni's stronghold—28th December, 1879—but he had crowded the adventure of many lives into those brief years. One of his friends has sketched with vivid brevity the incidents of his stirring career—a career which with decent luck might have won for him much *kudos* in high places—the Victoria Cross itself had the noble lady who knows how to honor what is noble learnt of it in time. But now as of old the melancholy refrain repeats itself:—

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

Yet one cannot somehow wish very much that it had been otherwise with Alister. He is happier than the run of men; he has got out of this huge tragic whirl which we call life on the easiest available terms. A soldier's death on the battle-field is possibly the best bargain that any of us could make; and it is the choice, I verily believe, which Alister would have made—had there been any choice for him in the matter. This is the brief *résumé* of his life:—

"When yet almost a boy he served in the Maori War, where he greatly distinguished himself, and was wounded. No sooner was this over than he joined a dangerous expedition to the interior of Australia in search of Leithardt. After this he went to the Diamond Fields in South Africa, but not finding this hard life sufficiently exciting, he left his claim to explore the wild country to the north. On returning, after two years' exploration, he heard that the Ashantee War was going on, and at once hurried off, but, unfortunately, arrived when it was over. However, determined not to be balked, he actually went up, alone, beyond Coomassie, after all the troops had left the country; and for a considerable time was kept a close prisoner by the queen, who treated him with the greatest kindness, but would never allow him to go out even a short distance without a guard. He at length managed to get away, to his great delight. After this he had no further opportunity of gratifying his spirit for adventure until the Turkish War broke out, when he went to Constantinople, and with great difficulty succeeded in obtaining a commission. He joined the army at Schipka, rightly thinking that there would be the hardest fighting. Here he lived in a small tent by himself, the only English officer among the Turks. He made himself

very useful in many ways, especially in laying down the difficult roads to the various positions on the mountains. At last the opportunity he longed for came, and he volunteered to lead the assault on the impregnable heights of St. Nicholas. How he led this forlorn hope, which would have succeeded had they not found on reaching the topmost rock, after fearful loss, that there was a chasm between them and another redoubt beyond; and how Suleiman Pasha, seeing the Turkish flag waving on the heights, telegraphed to Constantinople that the Turks had taken the Schipka Pass, is a matter of history. For many hours, under a piercing autumn sun, Campbell kept together his devoted band, only protected from the galling fire of the Russians by the bodies of their own slain, waiting for the reinforcements which never came, till at last, all their ammunition gone, the few who remained had to retreat down the mountain-sides to the camp below. For this service Suleiman Pasha offered him the command of a battalion, but this honor he refused, as he considered that his knowledge of the language was not sufficient to justify him in accepting it. In November, thinking that all chance of fighting had ceased, he went to join the army under Mehemet Ali assembled at Orhanie for the relief of Plevna; and with this he remained during all the hard winter's fighting at Kamassii, subsequently accompanying it in its disastrous retreat to the Ægean Sea.

"All the Turkish soldiers who knew Campbell were devoted to him; he not only endeared himself to them by his bravery and marvellous coolness in times of danger, but also by his invariable kindness and cheerfulness under the most trying circumstances; and those who did not know him personally were always ready to follow him anywhere, when they heard he was the Englishman who led the big assault on the heights of Schipka.

"He was in Ceylon when the Zulu War broke out, and unable to go there owing to an accident to his leg; but even before he was convalescent he started, and arrived in time to lead the Swazies in the attack, where he met that soldier's death he had so keenly courted.

"Perhaps, owing to his not having been in the regular army, in reading the list of the killed, the name of this Scotch volunteer may have been passed over; but no more chivalric spirit has passed away during the late war; and the many who knew him, both at home and abroad, on hearing of the death of Campbell, will feel that they have lost a friend and comrade in arms whom they can never replace."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
BACKSHEESH.

SOME years ago I was applied to by a group of financiers, who had formed themselves into what is technically termed a syndicate, to proceed to Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining a concession, the exact nature of which it is not necessary here to specify, but which, if it could be obtained, was calculated to achieve the twofold object of indirectly procuring a very considerable revenue to the Turkish government at a juncture when it stood much in need of funds, and at the same time of securing to my employers a handsome profit on the very large outlay which the preliminary operations would involve. The scheme was one of those ingeniously invented financial contrivances peculiar to the genius of the age in which we live, by which it was not probable that the shareholders of the company to be formed for the purpose of ultimately carrying out the objects of the concession would derive a very large interest for their money, but by which both the syndicate and the Turkish government must necessarily gain. When I was made familiar with the details, I confess that although I had had some experience of Turkey, and had been selected for the mission in consequence, I did not anticipate much difficulty. The increase which must accrue to the revenue of the country by carrying out the scheme was so palpable, and its general advantages — not merely in the development of certain important national resources, but in the immediate expenditure of a large amount of money among an impoverished population — were so self-evident, that it was difficult to imagine any government refusing a proposal from which they had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I therefore readily undertook the mission, stipulating for an amount equal to four per cent, upon what would ultimately be the total capital of the company, to be spent in backsheesh; for I was well aware that no matter what the intrinsic merits of a scheme may be, the necessity of oiling the administrative machinery with piastres is always the same, and that provided enough of these are forthcoming, any scheme, no matter how bad it is, can be carried; while stinginess in this respect, even with a good project, is misplaced economy. As for the moral aspect of the question, it is a point which is, I think, fairly open to discussion by schoolmen and divines.

Here is a heathen country — I presume

that Mohammedans are considered heathens by Christians — with a heathen standard of financial morality, where the officials receive no salaries, or very minute proportions of their nominal allowances, and are expected to live on what they can obtain from the public, in the form of "tips," to use a popular term. Now there can be no doubt that in Christian countries where tips are given to officials who are expressly prohibited from receiving them, and who are well paid, the practice is distinctly immoral. But there is a great distinction between bribing an English custom-house officer at Dover to pass your luggage, and one at Pera: the difference being that the first receives his salary from the public indirectly, and through officials, and the latter from the public directly, through the non-official channel of the hotel porter, or any other that may be found convenient. So when we come to financial arrangements upon a large scale, and involving the co-operation of the highest functionaries of the State, we must judge them by their own standard rather than by ours; and it has this merit, that while it is much lower, they do not even pretend that they act up to it. They openly say that they are reduced to the most extreme pecuniary destitution, and must get money somehow; and the veil that they throw over their transactions — which are, after all, not more corrupt than those of a neighboring Christian country — is no thicker than a Turkish woman's *yashmak*; it is merely conventionally supposed to conceal what is beneath it.

Now the question is whether one does harm either to oneself or one's neighbor by adopting a system which does not violate the moral sense of those who practise it, and which has become such a recognized element in Turkish administration, that it would not be possible to carry any measure, no matter how advantageous to the country, without resorting to it. Under all circumstances the pill must be gilded; but I do not know that it is more immoral to gild commercial pills for the heathen, than to put powder in jam for children. It is true the nurse does not make anything for herself by administering the powder, and the man who administers the gilded pill does, or he would not take the trouble to make and gild it; but that does not affect the morality of the question, provided in both instances the patient is to benefit. Supposing I was a pure and disinterested philanthropist, and came to Turkey for

the purpose of inducing the government to accept a scheme which should be the salvation of the country, and out of which I should make nothing myself, should I not be justified in employing the recognized agency of backsheesh, without which it would be impossible to carry it? and should I be warranted in depriving millions of the benefits they would derive from my great remedial measure of reform, simply because I could not carry it without bribing a few officials, whose moral sense was in no way violated by taking the money I offered, and who would run the risk of being driven even to more immoral practices, if such means of adding to their incomes were denied them?

I am rather particular in placing the moral aspect of the question before my readers at the outset, as I should not like them to have a bad opinion of me; and the whole of the experiences I am about to relate are a narrative of bribery, in which I was the principal actor. I have been induced to give them, at the risk of forfeiting their just estimate of my high moral worth, because I think at the present juncture it will be interesting to them to know exactly how the administration is carried on at Constantinople, and precisely where reform is most required, so that any efforts we may make to improve the government of the country may be directed to the proper quarter, and there may be no mistake about the seat of the disease. And here I would also remark that my experiences furnish a true and faithful record of the processes which have to be gone through in all cases in which foreigners are concerned. Of course there are an infinite number of variations to be played on the same string, but the substantial accuracy of the general narrative will, I think, be recognized by numerous victims, whose patience, temper, and pockets have been exhausted, in a vain attempt to induce the Turkish government to decide whether or not they would accept proposals, and grant concessions in favor of enterprises which were palpably calculated to confer benefits upon the country. That they have granted many that were calculated to do no good to any one except the concessioner and his accomplices, is perfectly true. That they have shown a remarkable readiness to fall into the toils and snares of financial swindlers on a large scale, arises from the fact that the latter were ready to adopt methods, and hold out inducements which *bonâ fide* and honorable capitalists

refused to lend themselves to; for even in Turkey a line must be drawn somewhere, and the line is generally drawn by the better class of promoters and speculators, at shareholders. An unscrupulous syndicate, provided they can make their money out of obtaining a concession, and floating a company, are indifferent as to the fate of those who may be induced to invest their money in it; and they burden the enterprise with engagements and preliminary expenses which it is quite unable to bear. In other words, they pay twice as much in bribes for a concession at Constantinople as it is worth, and the cost of the concession becomes a first charge upon the company.

The result is that the company is in difficulties from the start, and is at perpetual loggerheads with the Turkish government, through not being able to carry out its undertakings. Or, on the other hand, some great European operator, utterly unscrupulous, bribes heavily to obtain a concession on terms ruinous to the Turkish government, and involving special privileges by which he will be enriched, and the Turkish treasury impoverished. If the fraud is on a large scale, he can afford to give backsheesh on a large scale for it; and although the officials, whose business it is to refuse concessions of this nature, know it to be virtually a swindle, there is too much poverty and too little patriotism among them for them to withstand the temptation. Scandalous transactions of this character naturally operate most prejudicially against *bonâ fide* enterprises, and honest Turks, who only judge by results, are apt to put all foreigners into the same category, and to view their demands with extreme mistrust. Hence arises a good deal of sharp recrimination. The foreigner charges the Turk with being an Eastern barbarian, who refuses to allow his country to be opened, and its great agricultural and mineral resources developed, by means of foreign capital. The Turk replies, "We should be quite ready to give you every facility to develop our country, but we find that when you come under that pretence, you invariably swindle us, and we are the victims in the long run." The foreigner rejoins, "That is entirely your own fault, and would not be possible, were it not for the corruption which pervades every branch of your administration, and which attracts all the financial rogues and sharpers of Europe." The Turk answers, "From whom did we learn corruption, but from Europeans?"

and who are the officials in our administrations who are the largest robbers, and the most available accomplices in the frauds of these rogues and sharpers?—the Christians, whom we are obliged to employ, or we should be accused by Christian Europe of Moslem intolerance." And so the quarrel goes on, and there is a good deal to be said on both sides; but the practical result is not satisfactory, and the position of matters is every day getting worse. Men have been known to stay in Constantinople for eight or ten years, and after having spent thousands of pounds in bribery, to fail after all, and go away broken down and ruined. They are the victims to the same sort of fascination as that which chains a man to a Chancery suit. When he has invested a certain amount of time and capital, he shrinks from the conclusion that he had better abandon the pursuit, and waste no more of his existence or his money upon it, the more especially as he is constantly being deluded with promises that are never realized; so he follows the *ignis fatuus*, until his figure becomes as familiar to the hangers-on at the Porte as that of Miss Flite used to be in the celebrated case of Jarndyce against Jarndyce.

It was a raw day in winter when I arrived at Constantinople, and established myself in Pera, making up my mind that I should probably be compelled to spend the better part of a year in that most uninviting of semi-European, semi-Asiatic cities. After consulting with an old friend and resident versed in such matters, I obtained an influential letter of introduction to the grand vizier, and proceeded with it to the Porte.

Visitors to Constantinople are conversant with that somewhat disreputable building near the top of the hill after crossing the bridge to the Stamboul side, which contains some of the principal departments of State, and in which the office of the grand vizier is situated. You go up a flight of steps into a large hall, where several soldiers, supposed to be more or less on guard, are lounging about, and where doorkeepers, deaf mutes, and small retainers and *employés* are watching for their prey; you no sooner make your appearance than two or three of these petty thieves pounce upon you as lawful spoil.

It is as well instantly to resign yourself to the inevitable. I had previously made myself acquainted with the name of the *vekil*, or official, who announces visitors to the grand vizier, and I was shown through a small door at the left into a

minute apartment, in which eight gentlemen were sitting facing each other. Two of these were manifestly foreigners, bound probably on some errand similar to my own; the other six were dressed in European style, but wore fez caps. They were apparently Greeks or Armenians.

I was taken very little notice of by the official introducer for some time, although immediately on entering I gave him my card and letter for the grand vizier. He went on unconcernedly writing, and the gentlemen in chairs patiently waited in attitudes of humble attention until he condescended to exchange a few whispered words with some of them, when they replied in tones of extreme servility, and finally with a sidelong and somewhat mistrustful glance at me took his departure. He was absent nearly an hour, and during this time we all sat patient and silent, till it should please the great man to receive us, feeling very much as if we were in a dentist's waiting-room.

On the return of the *vekil* I was curtly informed that if I would wait his Highness would see me. Meanwhile one by one some of the others were summoned. At the end of another hour I was told that his Highness could receive no more that day, and that I was to come on the morrow. On my way out I gave the doorkeeper a mejidie. To make a long story short, I repeated this process twice without seeing the grand vizier, and my first audience cost three journeys from Pera to Stamboul, six hours' attendance in the waiting-room, and three mejidies to the doorkeeper, who had now become my staunch friend, while he evidently looked upon me as his private property.

When at last the moment for the audience arrived, I was led through a rather dark, dirty passage to a large room, which contained no other furniture but a large horseshoe table and some twenty chairs. In one of these in solitary grandeur sat the grand vizier. As I was not a person of any great distinction he did not rise to receive me, but motioned me to a chair and remained silent. He knew enough French to understand what I said, at least I presume so, though his countenance remained imperturbable; I refrain from describing it lest it might be recognized. He asked me, when I had explained the nature of the proposed concession, whether the project had been reduced to writing, begged me to hand it to him, which I did, and on receiving it indicated that the interview was at an end, and I should hear more about it at some

future time. He then took a piece of paper, and holding it in his hand proceeded to write upon it with a reed pen in a most uncomfortable fashion, acknowledging my parting bow with a slight gesture of his hand and an almost imperceptible inclination of his head.

On opening the door I was set upon in the dark passage by two officers in uniform, with swords hanging by their sides. I knew enough of the costume of the Turkish army to perceive in the dim light that they were not common soldiers, but held the rank of *uzbashi* or lieutenant. Without the smallest bashfulness they pronounced the magic word "backsheesh." I was so much taken aback by men in the position of Turkish gentlemen pouncing upon me in this determined and almost threatening manner, that, as the handle of the door of the grand vizier's room was still within reach, I almost decided on bolting back into it, and calling the notice of that eminent functionary to the disgracefulness of the proceedings; the more especially as I was a good deal puzzled, considering the exalted rank of my assailants, as to how much they would expect, and was not sure that I had enough loose cash in my pocket to satisfy their demands. However, I thought I would risk a very moderate *douceur*, and found they were quite satisfied with a mejidie apiece. I now returned to the vekil's room, where I had left my hat and coat, and which was quite empty, my interview having been the last for the day; and the vekil not being there. However, as he was sure to return, and I wished to ask him when I was likely to hear from the grand vizier, I determined to wait for him; but I had hardly taken a seat when two creatures entered the room and proceeded to make the most horrible faces, gesticulations, and guttural noises in their throats at me. These I perceived to be a couple of deaf mutes, a class of unfortunates who are largely employed in the various public departments, and who seem to have a preternatural sense for finding out things by other means than their ears, and for communicating secret intelligence by other means than their tongues. It is quite unpleasant to find yourself alone in a room with two of these phenomena, working away at you with their fingers and making horrible sounds. Well did I know, though they could not say so, that backsheesh was what they meant; but I had no more mejidies left, a lira or Turkish pound was certainly too much, so I tried them with a beshlik, equivalent

to about a franc, each. This they scornfully rejected. Then I offered two apiece. These they also refused; and I was at the end of my small change.

Now I am very economical, even with my employer's money, on such occasions, so I refused to be bled to any greater amount, whereupon they jabbered menacingly, and even shook their fists in my face. In the midst of which I walked the vekil, to whom I pretended entire innocence, and asked who these two unfortunates were, and what they wanted; he smiled a smile of peculiar significance, and ordered them out of the room. I now felt very much puzzled as to whether I ought to offer the vekil a lira or not, but he was such a well-dressed and highly polished individual, having evidently learned his French and his manners in Paris, that I felt rather shy, and thought I would wait for him to give the first hint. To my surprise he made no allusion to the subject, was most polite in his assurance that I should not have to wait long before receiving an answer about the papers; and I parted from him in a satisfied frame of mind.

In the hall I was again set upon by the deaf mutes, but rescued from them by my friend the doorkeeper, to whom in my gratitude I gave a lira, and looking back had the satisfaction of seeing him engaged in a violent, gesticulatory quarrel with the deaf mutes.

I now waited patiently for a fortnight, and heard nothing, so I went, braving the deaf and dumb janitors—to whom, however, for peace of mind I ultimately gave a few mejidies—and was assured that if I called in a few days I should hear of my papers. This I did several times, always having to pay my way and always being put off with specious excuses, until it occurred to me one day that this was perhaps the vekil's mode of extorting a bribe. The self-respect which had prevented him from directly demanding it, and the trouble he had given me, caused me to form rather a high estimate of his expectations, so I wrapped five liras in a piece of paper, like a doctor's fee, and repaired to the well-known room, which I found so full, that I was somewhat embarrassed as to the best means of conveying my little *douceur* to his pocket. There was a sort of double entrance to the room, leaving a dark space about three feet wide between the two doors, so I whispered that I had something of importance to communicate if he would step out with me for a moment; from the alacrity with

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which he responded I saw that he understood at once what I had been so long in comprehending, and in another moment we were in the dark hole between the two doors, when, without more ceremony, I expressed my regret that I had put him to so much trouble already and was likely to put him to so much more, and requested him to accept a little present, placing the *rouleau* in his hand at the same time. He protested that he had been at no trouble, and that he could not hear of such a thing as accepting a present, and went through the form of trying to force it back upon me, but as I resolutely declined, he reluctantly and in an absent sort of manner allowed his scruples to be overcome, and promised me that if I called on the following day on the minister to whose department schemes of the nature I had proposed were referred, I should find that they had been despatched there already by the grand vizier, and were under consideration. It had taken me exactly one month, ten visits to the Porte, and had cost me altogether a little over ten pounds to achieve this preliminary result.

I now felt that I should save time, and possibly money, by employing an intermediary to make the journey and give the bribes. I did not so much mind the first, but the offering bribes was one of those delicate and disagreeable operations which it requires a special training to do properly; moreover there was something humiliating in this constant hanging about waiting-rooms which I wished, if possible, to avoid; while I found my ignorance of the language a serious inconvenience. A few words of Turkish will often save money on these occasions; so I asked the friend to whom I have already alluded if he could recommend me a man skilled in matters of this sort, who would act as interpreter, spy, and doer of dirty work generally. He promised to send me a master of the art on the following day. Early next morning there appeared a wizened little Greek, who was prematurely old-looking. I don't think he was more than thirty, but the pinched expression of his face was produced by the deep lines with which cunning and avarice had already seamed it. He was extremely obsequious and servile, talked French fluently, but in a hurried, disjointed, and somewhat indistinct manner. He had rapid, stealthy, catlike movements, and a quick, furtive eye. Altogether, although not prepossessing, his appearance was most encouraging; he was evidently just

the sort of scoundrel I wanted. It was quite plain that there was no lack of intelligence, and as for principle — well, I should have to supply the whole of that myself. That I should possibly have to supplement him with another spy to watch him, was highly probable, but it would all add to my knowledge of human nature, and life in Pera is so dull that one must create an interest of some special kind. I thought it would be very exciting, should it become necessary, to drive a sort of spy tandem. I used at last to call him the commander-in-chief, when I found out that he was recognized by the whole class of political and financial sneaks who make a livelihood out of the prevailing official corruption, as the head of the profession.

He was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, and extremely particular about the observances of his religion. His distress because a near relative became a pervert to Mohammedanism upon one occasion was so great that he was unable to attend to business for two whole days, and when he came to inform me of the painful fact the tears started to his eyes. It seemed that his relative was rewarded for becoming a renegade by being given a position under the government, which offered exceptional chances for plunder, and I think he wept because he had missed the opportunity himself. However this may be, he was a very pious young man, with a holy horror and contempt for Moslems, whom he considered so barbarous and uncivilized that any device which should transfer money from their pockets to his was a sort of righteous act, for which he expected not only to derive immediate advantage in this world, but a future reward in the next. When I explained to this worthy exactly how my business affair stood, he informed me that the minister who was the head of the department, and who was also a Christian, was a difficult man to deal with, as it was probable that he would soon be turned out of his berth by a rival in the cabinet who occupied a lower position in it, and who was intriguing against him in the palace. As his tenure of office was so uncertain and might be short, he was raising his demands in the matter of backsheesh so as to take as much money as possible away with him. He therefore put it to me to consider whether it would not be best either to do nothing and wait, or to make friends with the rival, advance him money to carry out his intrigue, and help him in

the palace in other ways which he suggested; thus securing him as a close ally for subsequent operations. It was a delicate point to weigh, because, on the one hand, success was not certain; the minister would be pretty sure to discover that I was helping his enemy, and if we did not succeed in overthrowing him, he would become a most formidable and bitter antagonist. On the other hand, if I paid him the large backsheesh he was certain to ask, he might be turned out the day after, and I should have to pay it over again to his successor. The other alternative of delay and inaction seemed to me intolerable. This is a specimen of one of the difficult problems a concessioner at Constantinople is occasionally called upon to solve. After mature deliberation I decided that the safest course, although it might turn out the most expensive, was to deal at once with the minister now at the head of the department, and I directed the commander-in-chief to discover the amount of money he would expect.

The process which my demand of concession had to go through in this department was examination by the minister, and a small committee appointed to assist him, which should make a report upon the scheme prior to its going to the *Conseil d'Etat*. It was of course of the greatest importance that this report — or *masbata*, as it is called — should be favorable. The commander-in-chief returned after a few days with the pleasing intelligence that two of the committee whom it was important to secure would require 200*l.* apiece, and the minister himself 2,000*l.*; that if I paid down these sums like a gentleman in the first instance, I should be summoned before the committee, examined in regard to my scheme, might make any proposals I liked, and they would be acceded to, and a report made in glowing terms in its favor. The question I now had to consider was whether the commander-in-chief had not invented a much larger sum than was really asked, in the expectation that he would be the *intermédiaire*, and would have an opportunity of putting a large share of it in his own pocket. The risk was so great, the impossibility of checking him so absolute, that I decided to pay the minister the 2,000*l.* myself, leaving him to pay the understrappers. But then came the practical question of how to do it. It would not do to give him a cheque for the amount; the transaction must be one which should leave no trace. The

only way I could think of was to carry it to him and give it him plump. Now 2,000*l.* in gold is no joke to carry in your coat-pockets; nevertheless I had that sum put into two bags, and, with my pockets bulging most suspiciously out, I took a carriage and drove to the ministry.

I had a sort of guilty suspicion that all the loiterers who hang about departments knew what was in them, as I went up the dirty stairs to the antechamber, where two or three people were waiting for audiences; and I instantly sat down on the nearest chair, and spread myself out as much as possible, so as to look naturally a stout person. When I sent in my card I was at once admitted, and walked in before them all like a hen with its wings spread out. Now, at the last moment, I had determined to try the veracity of the commander-in-chief by only offering the minister 1,000*l.* in the first instance. The question was how to do it delicately, for he was a man of high rank and much consideration in Constantinople, and was to be met in the fashionable European and diplomatic society of Pera. After a little general conversation I asked him if he had looked at my scheme. He said he had. I then asked him how he liked it. He replied, that in its present form he was afraid there were serious objections to it. I said I hoped that these might be overcome. He replied, that he hoped they might; that he had not had time to consider how they could be removed, but that at the same hour to-morrow he would have made up his mind, if I would have the kindness to call upon him then.

I now saw my opening; in fact I perceived that he had purposely given it to me. I therefore proceeded to pull out a bag; of course the horrid thing stuck, but after struggling with it for some time I got it out, together with some of the lining of my coat. I casually left it on the divan on which I had been sitting, when I got up to take leave. I have since had reason to regret my extreme stupidity in not remembering that I should show an inequality in my shape as I left the room. I kept my hand in the pocket in which the other bag was, and seemed to be fumbling for something, so as to try and hide the excrescence, but I fear unsuccessfully.

The next day I returned with the 1,000*l.* divided into two smaller bags, so that I was comparatively slim-looking, and was again shown in to the minister, who received me with great politeness, but told

me that he regretted to find, after consideration, that the objections were more serious than he thought, and he feared that it was very doubtful whether it would be possible to report upon the project favorably.

I saw it was no good trying to economize, and that he probably would not be satisfied with an extra 500*l.*, for he had seen the second bag sticking out the day before; so I pulled both bags out, left them on the divan, told him I would call the following day to hear his final decision, as I was convinced that more mature reflection would induce him to modify his opinion, and took my leave.

On the following day I had the satisfaction of hearing from him, that several ideas had suggested themselves to him during the night, by which the obstacles, which at one time seemed almost insurmountable, might be removed, and that he would fix a day for the committee to meet, when I should be asked to be present.

A week elapsed, and I received no summons, so I sent the commander-in-chief to find out the cause of the delay. He returned with the ominous intelligence that a remodelling of the cabinet was in progress, that business was at a standstill in several departments, where changes were in contemplation, and that he much feared that the meeting of the committee would be delayed until it was decided whether the present minister was to remain at the head of it or not.

It seems that the rival had been very active, and was likely to prove successful, in which case my 2,000*l.* had been absolutely thrown away. Things remained in this state for another week, when this unfortunate contingency actually occurred. My friend walked out of his department with my 2,000*l.* in his pocket—perhaps in both of them, as I had first walked into it. The new man, who knew not Joseph, succeeded him, and so ended my second month.

All this arose from my being in too much of a hurry. If, when I first heard of the rival, I had patiently waited till the ministerial changes had taken place, I should have saved the money; it is true months instead of weeks might have elapsed, and in that case the time lost would have been of value; still it is never wise in Constantinople to be in a hurry. It is not the custom; and one finds oneself out of tune with things in general, and is sure to get into a scrape. The commander-in-chief read me this little

lecture while I was bemoaning my fate, and it is due to him to say that from the first he counselled absolute inaction, but I thought he only did this to prolong operations, and his own consequent employment.

Now we had to begin all over again. The commander-in-chief informed me that the new incumbent, though he would readily have availed himself of my assistance, pecuniary or otherwise, to turn out his late colleague, was quite inaccessible to a bribe, which was clearly to be regretted, as he was a most obstinate, crotchety old Moslem of the fanatic school, opposed to all innovations or improvements, or influx of foreign capital, or foreigners themselves, of whom he entertained the greatest distrust and suspicion.

However, the commander-in-chief suggested other agencies than those of money by which he might be worked upon—these were diplomatic; and here I am getting upon ground too full of quicksands to tread safely, so I will pass over it; indeed if I were to tell all my experiences I could fill a volume, and weary the reader, my object is rather to give snatches of them as illustrative sketches. Suffice it to say, that it took me three months, and a great deal of intrigue and bribery of subordinates, before I got a report of a very lukewarm kind, but not absolutely unfavorable, during which time I was perpetually trotting across to Stamboul, attending the commission, and getting put off, and worried, and delayed in all manner of ways.

The Council of State, to which my project and the report upon it were now referred, is a huge official spider deriving a precarious subsistence from the financial flies which it catches in its net. It is composed of thirty members who are supposed to be paid salaries of from seven to ten thousand piastres a month by the government, but this is a fiction. They are expected to live upon plunder, and it must be admitted to their credit, that they have elaborated a very effective system for the purpose. They work chiefly on two great principles, one is artfully contrived delay, and the other no less artfully contrived blackmail. For instance, no sooner was I brought into contact with this body, than I discovered for the first time that a rival scheme, of which I had heard nothing before, had just been submitted to the grand vizier, and was about to be referred to the department from which I had emerged; that it would, to

judge by my own experiences, be three months before it was reported upon by this department, and that the Council of State had decided that it would be desirable to have both schemes before them, before entering upon the question at all. The commander-in-chief was now in his glory; in three days he found the particular Greeks and Armenians who had subscribed a sum for the purpose of proposing the blackmailing project. It is needless to say that they had not a farthing to carry it out, even supposing they could obtain the concession—in that case they would of course sell it to any promoters or speculators who could form a company upon it. Associated with them were several of the most influential members of the Council of State, but their partnership in the concern was *sub rosa*, and they did not appear as having any interest in the matter. The commander-in-chief proposed to enter at once into negotiations with this group, who, being natives of the country, and most of them professional blackmailers, it was hoped might easily be dealt with; and I accordingly consented to entertain any propositions they might make, as they had secured the co-operation of one or two influential Moslems and under-secretaries. Their scheme unfortunately gained the sympathy of the fanatic old minister who presided over the department through which I had already passed, and it was evident that they would obtain a far more favorable report than had been accorded to me. The matter therefore became serious, and as I was afraid of other competitors, even if I bought my existing rivals off, I proposed a fusion by which they should be to some degree associated in my enterprise. The extraordinary acuteness of these Armenian gentlemen in matters of finance is so well known that I will not weary the reader by describing the subtle character of the bargaining which went on and of the conclusion to which we finally arrived; suffice it to say that I referred it to England, with my strong recommendation that it should be adopted, but that the syndicate at home indignantly rejected it, as a barefaced attempt at robbery, and intrusted me to make war to the knife upon all rivals of this description.

The commander-in-chief pulled a long face when he heard of this—I suspect he was to get a percentage on the transaction from the other side if he could bring it about—and prophesied defeat, or a victory which would be more expensive

in the end than if we had come to terms. It now became necessary at once to set about buying those members of the Council who were not pledged to the other scheme, and especially that section of it to which both schemes were to be first referred. This consisted of eight members, and of these I secured four, including the president. I allowed the commander-in-chief to make all the bargains and carry all the money, the total amounting to 850*l.*, namely 250*l.* for the president and 200*l.* apiece for the others. This I did not think expensive, but it was supplemented by a promise of a much larger sum, if, in consequence of their efforts, I finally secured the firman.

I now found that I had to subsidize three or four clerks and office writers, who furnished me with copies of all that passed at the meetings of the section which were supposed to be secret, but I had reason to be satisfied with the *procès verbal* which I obtained by these means, and which proved very accurate. I was also put in possession of any secret and confidential official communications relating to the other scheme, of which I stood in need, and of plans and documents, etc., which were supposed not to be known outside the department. The poverty among the minor *employés* was so great, that an occasional donation of 50*l.*, to be distributed among them by the commander-in-chief, was quite enough for this purpose.

Altogether, I succeeded tolerably well at this stage of the proceedings, and before I had been eight months in Constantinople, both schemes had been examined by the section, and sent up to the full Council, my project being far more favorably reported upon than that of my opponents. But it was in the full Council that their strength lay. Here they had the president—whom they had associated in their scheme, and who was a cabinet minister—and several influential members on their side. The *Conseil d'Etat* being composed of several sections, it was necessary to buy one member of each section, and it cost me upwards of 2,000*l.* to get the opposition scheme rejected, and mine reported upon favorably and sent up to the Council of Ministers; and this only after a delay of four months, and owing to the fortunate accidents of another change of ministers having taken place, and my old friend, the minister to whom I had originally given 2,000*l.* having succeeded in intriguing himself back into power. I must say he behaved in

the most honorable manner; no sooner did he enter upon his new functions, than he sent a message to me to say that I might rely upon him as a friend, and that he would exercise his influence in order to have the report cancelled which the Council had agreed to sign in favor of my opponents, without requiring any more money down from me, provided that I would promise him 5,000*l.* in case I got the firman. This I did unhesitatingly; the scheme of my opponents, after having been on the point of being adopted, was thrown out at the last moment, and mine went up to the cabinet with flying colors. This minister now became my intimate friend and adviser, in fact he considered himself an associate in the enterprise, and I derived much useful information from him. He recommended me to secure no less a person than the grand vizier himself, as he feared when the question came to be discussed, there would be considerable opposition. This I did; but I will pass over the details of how I managed it. The matter is too delicate for me to enter upon fully — suffice it to say, that I thought, with two such powerful advocates, my scheme was safe.

When it came up for discussion, which it did after a delay of three months, I found out my mistake; the fanatic old Moslem, who had already reported favorably for my opponents, and against me, and whom I have described as incorruptible, was now intriguing to become grand vizier himself, and his policy was to thwart the existing incumbent by every means in his power, and, by showing his impotence to carry out everything, to discredit his administration. He had a faction in the cabinet, who from some cause or other were enemies of the chief of the government, and it was thus split into two camps. When my scheme was proposed by the grand vizier, and supported by the president of the Council, it was opposed by the old Moslem and his faction, not openly, but in true Turkish style. I received an accurate report of what took place afterwards; it seems that the old fox commenced by speaking of it in the highest terms, and in fact gave his consent, subject to the consideration of a trifling point which required further investigation, and he proposed a postponement for this purpose. Before I heard this I had seen the grand vizier and asked him how the meeting of the cabinet had gone off, and what were the prospects. Instead of saying honestly

that the scheme was opposed and postponed, he assured me it was "*dans une bonne voie.*" And here I may remark that, no matter how certain a Turk may be that your success is hopeless, he never tells you so, but, on the contrary, deludes you with promises and assurances until your patience is worn out. This man was too weak on his perch to carry a measure in the face of the covert opposition of his rival, and he knew that the delicate way of adjourning the consideration of my scheme meant shelving it altogether. Yet he was ashamed of admitting his weakness, and was profuse in his encouragement and in fine phrases. Had I not heard the real facts of the case afterwards from my friend the minister, I should have remained for weeks in a fool's paradise. As it was, the difficulty of overcoming the opposition of the incorruptible old rival was most serious. All argued that it was hopeless to try money; this is curious in Turkey, but it occasionally happens. The fertile brain of the commander-in-chief, however, proved equal to the occasion. At that time there was a certain individual at the palace who exercised an almost controlling influence over the mind of an exalted personage. I will not say whether he was a eunuch, or a pipe-bearer, or a chamberlain, or a secretary, or a doctor, as here again I must deal in generalities, and leave a good deal to the reader's imagination; but it was upon this person's influence that my old enemy chiefly depended in order to become grand vizier, and his enmity would be fatal to his chances. This man was also a very venal personage, and his terms were high; but it was evident that if we could secure him, he might make his support of the old Turk conditional upon the latter withdrawing all opposition to my scheme, for really he was only objecting to it out of a species of "cussedness," and not for any good reason. This involved an expenditure of 10,000*l.*, partly in money down, partly in prospective engagements. In fact, I found the palace very expensive; but it answered a double purpose, for not only did it overcome opposition in the cabinet, but when at last the scheme was favorably reported upon there, and it was sent up to the palace for the final *iradè*, I had already secured my friends, and there was comparatively little difficulty in obtaining it.

My troubles, which had lasted considerably more than a year, were now over. I had succeeded, for a little over 20,000*l.*, all told, in obtaining a valuable conces-

sion; and it was generally admitted by connoisseurs that I had done the thing quickly and economically. It did not turn out much of a success afterwards, and I believe the shareholders are to this day discontented; but that is not my fault. I have narrated my experiences somewhat in detail, because it would not otherwise be possible to convey an accurate idea of the venality of the administration we have undertaken to reform, and of the hopelessness of the task upon which we have entered.

GOLDEN HORN.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THIS time Sir William did not get better as he had done before. His third fainting-fit proved the beginning of an illness at which the village doctor looked very grave. It was still but a very short time since he had come down from London, relieved at the end of the session, to enjoy his well-earned leisure, with everything prosperous around him, nothing but the little vexation of Paul's vagaries to give him a prick now and then, a reminder that he too was subject to the ills of mortality. What a happy house it had been to which the tired statesman had come home! When he had taken his seat by the side of Alice in the little pony-carriage there had been nothing but assured peace and comfort in his mind. Paul — yes — Paul had been a vexation, but no more. Now all that brightness was overcast; the happy children in their holiday freedom were hushed in their own corner of the house, no longer allowed to roam through it wherever they pleased. Lady Markham, with all her pretty gowns, her lace and ornaments put away, lived in her husband's sick-room, or came down-stairs now and then with an anxious smile, "like some one coming to call," the little girls said. Alice had become, not Alice, but a sort of emissary between the outside world and that little hidden world up-stairs in which the life of the house seemed concentrated. As for Sir William, he lay between life and death. First one, then another great London physician had come down to see him, but all that they could do had done him little or no good. All over the county messengers came every day for news of him; his

chief, and the leading members of the party sent telegrams of inquiry; and there were already flutters of expectation in the town he represented as to the chances of the Liberal interest "should anything happen." Even into Lady Markham's mind as she sat in the silent room, often darkened and always quiet, trying hard to keep herself from thinking, there would come thoughts, dreary previsions of change, floating like clouds across the mental firmament, against her will, in spite of all her precautions — visions of darkness and blackness and solitude which she tried in vain to shut out. Her husband lying so still under the high canopies of the bed, from which all curtains and everything that could obstruct the free circulation of air had been drawn aside, capable of no independent action, but still the centre of every thought and plan; was it possible to imagine him absent altogether, swept away out of the very life in which he had been the chief actor! These thoughts did not come by any will of hers, but drifted gloomily across her mind as she sat silent, sometimes trying to read, mechanically going over page after page, but knowing nothing of the meaning of the words that were under her eyes. To realize the death of the sufferer whom one is nursing, is, save when death is too close to be any longer ignored, not only a shock, but a wrong, a guilt, a horror. Is it not like signing his sentence, agreeing that he is to die? Lady Markham felt as if she had consented to the worst that could happen when these visions of the future drifted across her mind.

Meanwhile who can describe the sudden dreariness of the house upon which, in full sunshine of youth and enjoyment, this blight came? The boys wished themselves at school — could there be any stronger evidence of the gloom around them? — the girls grew sad and cross and cried for nothing at all. Fairfax lingered for a day or two, not knowing what to do, afraid to trouble the anxious ladies even by proposing to go away, obliterating himself as much as he could, though doing everything that Paul, had he been there, would have been expected to do. Paul did not come till a week after, though he was written to every day — but in that week a great many things had happened. For one thing, Lady Markham had seen and spoken with the stranger who was living at the Markham Arms in the village, and who had introduced himself to the children as a relation. She had heard

nothing of Mr. Gus except that one mention of him by little Bell on the night of the return, and that had made no great impression on her mind. It had been immediately before the recurrence of Sir William's faint, which had naturally occupied all her thoughts, and how could it be supposed that Lady Markham would remember a thing of such small importance? It surprised her much to meet in the hall that strange little figure in its light, loose clothes, standing hat in hand, as she went from one room to another. Sir William then had been but a few days ill, and Lady Markham had hitherto resolutely kept herself from all those drifting shadows of fear. It was one of the days when she had come to "make a call" on her children. Sir William was asleep, and she persuaded herself that he was better. She had come down, as she said, to tell them the good news, but her smile as she told it was so tremulous that little Bell, whose nerves had got entirely out of order, began to cry. And then they all cried together for a minute, and were a little eased by it. Alice protested that she was crying for joy because papa was better, and that it was very silly, but she could not help it; and Lady Markham had all the brightness of tears in her eyes as she came out into the hall on her way back to the sick-room, and lo, there before her in the hall, stood the little gentleman, bowing, with his hat in his hand.

"I think you must have heard of me, Lady Markham," he said.

She looked at him with a kind of horror that a stranger should be able to find and detain her—she who ought to be by her husband's bedside. In her capacity of nurse it seemed almost as great a crime to interrupt her, as it would be to disturb Sir William; but she was too courteous to express her horror.

"I do not think so," she said, with a conciliatory smile which was intended to take off any edge of offence that might be found in her profession of ignorance. Then she looked at the card which he handed to her. "Perhaps this ought to be given to Brown. Ah! but now I remember. You are related to some kind people, the Lennys, who were here."

"Have the Lennys been here?" said Mr. Gus, with unfeigned surprise. "Yes, I am a relation of theirs also; but in the mean time there is a much nearer relationship."

"I am sure, Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, with a smile, by which she begged pardon for what she was saying,

"that you will not think it rude if I leave you now. I don't like to be long away from Sir William. When he wakes he may miss me."

"Lady Markham," said Mr. Gus, "I wish you would let me speak to you. I do wish it indeed. It would be so much easier afterwards——"

She looked at him with genuine surprise, then with a glance round her up the great staircase, where she wished to go, and round the open doors by which no one came for her deliverance, she yielded unwillingly. "I fear I can only give you a few minutes," she said, and led the way into the library. She had done so without for the moment thinking that her husband's room was scarcely a place in which, at this moment, to discourse placidly with a stranger on subjects of which she was ignorant. It was so full of him. His books, his papers, all arranged as if he had that moment left them; his chair at its usual angle, as if he were seated in it unseen. Everything marked with the more than good order, the precision and formal regularity of all Sir William's habits; the things which mark the little foibles of character, the innocent weaknesses of habit, are those which go most to the heart when death is threatening a member of a household. The sight of all these little *fads*, which sometimes annoyed her, and sometimes made her laugh when all was well, gave Lady Markham a shock of sudden pain and sudden *attendrissement*. Her heart had been soft enough before to her husband; it melted even now in a suffusion of tender love and grief. Her eyes filled. Might it be that he never should sit at that table again?

"I am sure," she said, making once more the same instinctive appeal to the sympathy of the stranger, "that you will not detain me longer than you can help, for my husband is very ill. I cannot help being very anxious——" She could not say any more.

"I am very sorry, Lady Markham, but that is the very thing that makes it so important. May I ask if it is possible you have never heard of me? Never heard of me!—that is the strangest thing of all."

In her surprise she managed better to get rid of her tears. She gave a startled glance at him, and then at the card she still held in her hands. "I cannot quite say that—for Mrs. Lenny and the colonel both spoke—I cannot say of you—but of a family called Gaveston whom Sir

William had known. You are the son, I presume, of an old friend? My husband, Mr. Gaveston," said Lady Markham, with warmth, "is not a man to be indifferent to old friends. You may be sure he would have been glad to see you, and done his best to make Markham pleasant to you—but the circumstances—explain—"

"Then," said her strange companion with a certain air of sternness, which changed the character of his face, "that is all you know?"

She looked at the card again. How was it she had not noticed the second name before? "I see you have Markham in your name," she said, "I had not noticed. Is there then some distant relationship? But Mrs. Lenny never claimed to be a relation—or perhaps—I see! you are Sir William's godson," Lady Markham said, with a smile which was somewhat forced and uncomfortable. She kept her eyes upon him, uneasy, not knowing what might come next, vaguely foreseeing something which must wound her.

Mr. Gus's brown countenance grew red—he gave forth a sharp and angry laugh. "His godson," he said, "and that is all you know?"

Lady Markham grew far more red than he had done. Her beautiful face became crimson. The heat of shame and distress upon it seemed to get into her eyes. What was this suspicion that was flung into her mind like a firebrand? And in this place where her husband's blameless life was passed, and at this moment when he was ill, perhaps approaching the end of all things! "Mr. Gaveston," she said, trembling, "I cannot, I cannot hear any more. It is not to me you ought to come, and at such a time! Oh, if you have been put in any false position—if you have been subjected to any humiliation by anything my husband has done—"

Her voice was choked by the growing heat and pain of her agitation; even to have such a horrible thought suggested to her now seemed cruelty incredible. It was wrong on her part to allow it to cross the threshold of a mind which was sacred to *him*. "Oh," she cried, wringing her hands, "if you have had anything to suffer, I am sorry for you with all my heart! but I cannot hear any more now. Do not ask me to hear any more now! Another time, anything we can do for you, any amends that can be made to you—but oh, for God's sake, think of the state he is lying in, and say no more now!"

Gus listened with wonder, irritation, and dismay. That she should be excited was natural, but for all the rest, her words were like raving to him. He could not tell what she meant. Do anything for him, make him amends—was the woman mad? He only stared at her blankly, and did not make any reply.

Then she held out her hand to him, trying to smile, with her eyes full of tears. "It shall not do you any harm eventually," she said, "your kindness now. Thank you for not insisting now. I have not left—Sir William for so long since he was ill."

She made a pause before her husband's name. If it was possible that there should be a link between him and this stranger—a link as strong—It made her heart sick to think upon it; but she would not think of it. It flashed across her only, but was not permitted to stay there, and half because of real anxiety to get back to the sick-room, half of a still greater eagerness to get rid of her visitor, she made a step towards the door.

"If you will let me say so," said Mr. Gus, "you oughtn't to shut yourself up in a sick-room. You may think me an enemy, but I'm no enemy. I wish you all well. I like the children. I think I could be very fond, if she'd let me, of Alice, and I admire you—"

"Sir!" Lady Markham said. She turned her astonished eyes upon him with a blaze in them which would have frightened most men; then opened the door with great stateliness and dignity, ignoring the attempt he made to do it for her. "I must bid you a good morning," she said, making him a curtsy worthy of a queen. Then walked across the hall with the same dignity; but as soon as she was out of sight, flew up-stairs, and, before going to her husband, went to her own room for a time to compose herself. She felt herself outraged, insulted—a mingled sense of rage and wonder had taken possession of her gentle soul. Who was this man, and what could he mean by his claim upon her, his impudent expressions of interest in the family, as if he belonged to the family? Was it not bad enough to put a stigma upon her husband at the moment when he was dying, and when all her thoughts were full of the tenderest veneration for him, and recollections of all his goodness! To throw this shadow of the sins of his youth, even vaguely, upon Sir William's honorable, beautiful age, was something like a crime. It was like desecration of the holiest sanctuary.

Lady Markham could not but feel indignant that any man should seize this moment to put forth such a claim—and to make it to *her*, disturbing her ideal, introducing doubt and shame into her love, just at the moment when all her tenderness was most wanted, it was cruel. And then, as if that was not enough, to assume familiarity, to speak of her child as Alice, this stranger, this — Delicate woman as she was, Lady Markham, in her mind, applied as hard a word to Gus, as the severest of plain-spoken men could have used. She seemed to see far, far back in the mists of distance, a young man falling into temptation and sin, and some deceitful girl — must it not have been a deceitful girl? — working upon his innocence. This is how, when the heart is sore, such blame is apportioned. He it was who must have been seduced and deluded. How long ago? Some fifty years ago, for the man looked as old as Sir William. When this occurred to her, her heart gave a leap of joy. Perhaps the story was all a lie — a fiction. He did look almost as old as Sir William; how could it be possible? It must be a lie!

When she came as far as this, she bathed her eyes and composed herself, and went back to her husband's room. He was still asleep, and Lady Markham took her usual place, where she could watch him without disturbing him, and took her knitting, which helped to wile away the long hours of her vigil. If the knitting could but have occupied her mind as it did her hands! but in the quiet all her thoughts came back, her mind became a court of justice, in which the arguments on each side were pleaded before a most anxious, yet, alas, too clear-sighted judge. This stranger, who figured as the accuser, was arraigned before her, and examined in every point of view. He was strange, he was not like the men whom Lady Markham was used to see; but he did not look like an impostor. She tried to herself to prove him so, but she could not do it. He was not like an impostor. In his curious foreignness and presumption, he yet had the air of a true man. But then, she said to herself, how ignorant, how foolish he must be, how incapable of any just thought or feeling of shame! To come to *her*! If he had indeed a claim upon Sir William, there were other ways of making that claim; but that he should come to her — Sir William's wife — and oh, at such a time! This was the refrain of her thoughts to which she came back and

back. As she sat there in the darkened room, her fingers busy with her knitting, her ears intent to hear the slightest movement the sleeper made, this was how her mind was employed. Perhaps when she had gone through all these stages, her thoughts came back with a still more exquisite tenderness to the sick man lying there, she thought, so unconscious of this old, old sin of his which had come back to find him out. How young he must have been at the time, poor boy! — younger than Paul — and away from all his friends, no one to think of him as Paul had, to pray for him — a youth tossed into the world to sink or to swim. Lady Markham's heart melted with sympathy. And to make up for that youthful folly, in which perhaps he was sinned against, as well as sinning, what a life of virtue and truth he had led ever since! She cast her thoughts back upon the past with a glow of tender approval and praise. Who could doubt his goodness? He had done his duty in everything that had been given him to do. He had served his country, he had served his parish, both alike, well; and he had been the providence of all the poor people dependent upon him. She went over all that part of his career which she had shared, with tears of melancholy happiness coming to her eyes. Nothing there that any one could blame. Oh, far from that! everything to be praised. No man had been more good, more kind, more spotless; no one who had trusted in him had ever been disappointed. And what a husband he had been; what a father he had been! If this were true, if he had done wrong in his youth, had he not amply proved that it was indeed but a folly of youth, a temporary aberration — nothing more. Lady Markham felt that she was a traitor to her husband to sit here by his sick-bed and allow herself to think that he had ever been wicked. Oh no, he could not have been wicked! it was not possible. She went softly to his bedside to look at him while he slept. Though he was sleeping quietly enough, there was a cloud of trouble on his face. Was it perhaps a reflection from the doubt she had entertained of him, from the floating shadows of old evil that had been blown up like evil clouds upon his waning sky?

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. GUS was much startled by the change in Lady Markham's manner, by the sudden withdrawal and altered looks. Had he offended her? He did not know

how. He had been puzzled, much puzzled, by all she had said. She had professed to be sorry for him. Why? Of all who were concerned, Gus felt that he himself was the one whom it was not needful to be sorry for. The others might have some cause for complaint; but nothing could affect him—his position was sure. And it was very mysterious to him what Lady Markham could mean when she professed to be ready to make him amends—for what? Gus could afford to laugh, though, indeed, he was very much surprised. But happily the nature of the mistake which Lady Markham had made, and the cause of her indignation were things he never guessed at. They did not occur to him. His position had never been in the least degree equivocal in any way. He had known exactly, and everybody around him had known exactly what it was. Though he had been adopted as his uncle's heir, he had never been kept in the dark—why should he?—as to whose son he was. And when the poor old planter fell in trouble, and the estate of which Gus was to be the heir diminished day by day, "It does not matter for Gus," the old man had said; "you must go back to your own family when I am gone; there's plenty there for you, if there is not much here." Gus had known all about Markham all his life. He had an old pencil drawing of the house, feeble enough, yet recognizable still, hanging in his room since ever he could remember. It had belonged to his poor young mother, and since ever he had been able to speak he had known it as home. The idea of considering "the second family" had only dawned upon him when he began to plan his voyage "home," after his uncle's death. He had heard there were children, and consequently one of his great packing-cases contained many things which children would be likely to value. It gave Gus pleasure to think of little sisters and brothers to whom he would be more like an uncle than a brother. He was fond of children, and he had a very comfortable simple amount of confidence in himself. It had never occurred to him that they might not "get on." It was true that to hear of Paul gave him a certain twinge, but he thought it impossible, quite impossible, that Sir William could have seen his son grow up to manhood without informing him of the circumstances. Surely it was impossible! There might be reasons why Lady Markham need not be told—it might make her jealous, it might be disappointing and vexatious to

her—but he would not permit himself to believe that Paul had been left in ignorance. And Alice, who was grown up, it seemed certain to him that she, too, must know something. He had been greatly moved by the sight of Alice. The young ladies out in Barbadoes, he thought, were not like that, nor did he in Barbadoes see many young ladies; but this dainty, well-trained, well-bred English girl was a wonder and delight to him. Why should he not say that he was fond of Alice? It was not only natural, but desirable that he should be so. He walked out after Lady Markham left him with a slight sense of discomfiture; he could not tell why, but yet a smile at the "flurry" into which she had allowed herself to be thrown. Women were taken with "flurries" for next to no cause, he was aware. It was foolish of her, but yet she was a woman to whom a good deal might be pardoned. And he did not feel angry, only astonished, and half discomfited, and a little amused. It was strange—he could not tell what she meant—but yet in time, no doubt, all would be amicably settled, and they would "get on," however huffy she might be for the moment. Gus knew himself very well, and he knew that in general he was a person with whom it was easy to get on.

But he was a little disappointed to go away, after the hopes he had formed of being at once received into the bosom of the family, acknowledged by Sir William, and made known to the others, without any advance at all. He had spoken to Alice when he met her with the children, and had got "fond of her" on the spot, and he would have liked to have her brought to him, and to have made himself known in his real character to all the girls and boys. But however, it must all come right sooner or later, he said to himself; and no doubt Lady Markham, with her husband sick on her hands, and her son, as all the village believed, giving her a great deal of anxiety, might be forgiven if she could not take the trouble to occupy herself about anything else. Gus went out without meeting any one, and when he had got out in front of the house, turned round to look at it, as he was in the custom of doing. It was a dull day, drizzly and overcast. This made the house look very like that woolly pencil drawing, which had always hung at the head of his bed, and always been called home.

As he stood there some one came from behind the wing where the gate of the flower-garden was, and approached him

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slowly. Gus had not been quite able to make out who Fairfax was. He was no relation, and there did not seem to be any special understanding between him and Alice, which was the first idea that had come into the stranger's head. He had spoken to him two or three times when he had met the children, and Gus, who was full of the frankest and simplest curiosity, waited for him as soon as he perceived him. "We are going the same way, and I hope you don't dislike company," he said. To tell the truth, Fairfax had no particular liking for company at that moment. It seemed to him that he was in a very awkward position in this house where dangerous sickness had come in and taken possession; but how to act, how to disembarass them of his constant presence, without depriving them of his services, which, with natural self-regard, he thought perhaps more valuable than they really were, he did not know. The quaint "little gentleman," about whom all the children chattered, seemed for the first moment somewhat of a bore to Fairfax, but after a moment's hesitation he accepted him with his usual good-nature, and joined him without any apparent reluctance. Mr. Gus was very glad of the opportunity of examining at his leisure this visitor whose connection with the family he did not understand.

"I have been asking for the old gentleman," he said. "I have seen Lady Markham. You know them a good deal better than I do, no doubt, though I am — a relation."

"I do not know them very well," said Fairfax. "Indeed, I find myself in a very awkward position. I came here by chance because Sir William fell ill when I was with them, and I was of some use for the moment. That made me come on with them, without any intention of staying. And here I am, a stranger, or almost a stranger, in a house where there is dangerous illness. It is very embarrassing; I don't know what to do."

He had thought Gus a bore one minute, and the next opened all his mind to him. This was characteristic of him; but yet in his carelessness and easy impulse there was a certain sudden sense that the opinion of a third person somehow connected with the Markham family might be worth having.

"Then you don't know them — much?" said Mr. Gus, half satisfied, half contemptuous. "I couldn't make you out, to tell the truth. Nobody but an old friend or a connection — or some one who was

likely to be a connection" — he added, giving Fairfax a keen, sidelong glance, — "seemed the right sort of person to be here."

Fairfax felt uneasy under that look. He blushed, he could scarcely tell why. "I can't be said to be more than a chance acquaintance," he said. "It was a lucky chance for me. I have known Markham for a long time. I've known *him* pretty well, but it was a mere chance which brought Sir William to me when they were looking for Markham; and then, by another chance, I was calling when he was taken ill. That's all. I feel as if I were of a little use, and that makes me hesitate; but I know I have no right to be here."

"Who's Markham? The — son, I suppose?"

"Yes, the eldest son. I suppose you know him as Paul. Of course," said Fairfax, with hesitation, "he ought to be here, but there are some family misunderstandings. He doesn't know, of course, how serious it is."

"Wild?" said Mr. Gus, with his little-prince air.

"Oh — I don't quite know what you mean by wild. Viewy he is certainly."

"Viewy? Now I don't know what you mean by viewy. It is not a word that has got as far as the tropics, I suppose."

Fairfax paused to give a more interested look at the "little gentleman." He began to be amused, and it was easy — very easy — to lead him from his own affairs into the consideration of some one else's. "Paul," he said — "I have got into the way of calling him Paul since I have been here, as they all do — goes wrong by the head, not in any other way. We have been dabbling in — what shall I call it? — socialism, communism, in a way — the whole set of us, and he is more in earnest than the rest; he is giving himself up to it."

"Socialism — communism!" cried Gus; he was horrified in his simplicity. "Why, that's revolution, that's bloodshed and murder!" he cried.

"Oh, no; we're not of the bloody kind — we're not red," said Fairfax, laughing. "It's the communism that is going to form an ideal society — not fire and flame and barricades."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Gus, not listening to this explanation, "that this young Markham — Paul, this Lady Markham's son — is one of those villains that want to assassinate all the kings, and

plunge all Europe into trouble? Good God! what a lucky thing I came here!"

"No, no, I tell you," said Fairfax. "On the contrary, what Paul wants is to turn his back upon kings and aristocracies, to give up civilization altogether, for that matter, and found a new world in the backwoods. We've all played with the notion. It sounds fine; and then there's one eloquent fellow—a real orator, mind you—who makes it look like the grandest thing in the world to do. I believe he thinks it is, and so does Paul. He's gone wrong in his head on the subject; that is all that is wrong with him. But there is this difference," said Fairfax, reflectively, "from going wrong that way and—other ways. If you prove yourself an ass in the common form, you're sorry and ashamed of yourself, and glad to make it up with your people at home; but when it's this sort of thing you stand on your high principles and will not give in. That's one difference between being viewy and—the other. Paul can't make up his mind to give in; and then probably he thinks they are making the very worst of his father's illness in order to work upon his feelings. Well! he ought to know better," cried Fairfax, with a flush of indignation; "Lady Markham is not the kind of person to be suspected in that way; but you know the kind of ideas that are general. He makes himself fancy so, I suppose."

"He seems a nice sort of young fellow to come into this fine property," said Gus, with another sidelong, inquisitive look at Fairfax. There was a look of keen curiosity, and at the same time of sarcastic enjoyment, on his face.

"That is the strange thing about it," said Fairfax, reflectively, stroking the visionary moustache which very lightly adorned his lip. "Paul is a very queer fellow. He is against the idea of property. He thinks it should all be re-divided and every man have his share. And what's stranger still," he added, with an exclamation, "he's the fellow to do it if he had the chance. There is nothing sham about him. He would strip himself of everything as easily as I would throw off a coat."

"Against the idea of property!" said little Gus, with a very odd expression. He gave a long whistle of surprise and apparent discomfiture. "He must be a very queer fellow indeed," he said, with an air of something like disappointment. Why should he have been disappointed? But this was what no one, however inti-

mately acquainted with the circumstances, could have said.

"Yes, he is a very queer fellow. He has a great deal in him. One thing that makes me a little uncomfortable," continued Fairfax, unconsciously falling more and more into a confidential tone, "is that I don't know how he may take my being here."

"How should he take it? you are his friend, you said?"

"Ye-es; oh, we've always been very good friends, and one time and another have seen a great deal of each other. Still, you may like a fellow well enough among men, and not care to see him domesticated, you know, in your home. Besides, he might think I had put myself in the way on purpose to curry favor when Sir William was ill—or—I don't know what he might think. It seems shabby somehow to be living with your friend's people when your friend isn't there."

"Especially if he ought to be there, and you are doing his work."

"Perhaps," Fairfax said; and they walked down to the end of the avenue in silence. Mr. Gus had got a great deal to think of from this interview. A new light had come into his mind—and somehow, strangely, it was not at first an entirely agreeable light. He went along for some way without saying anything, going out of the great gates, and into the high-road, which was so quiet. A country cart lumbering past now and then, or a farmer's gig, the sharp trot of a horse now and then carrying a groom from some other great house to inquire after Sir William, gave a little more movement to the rural stillness, increasing the cheerfulness, though the occasion was of the saddest; and as they approached the village, a woman came out from a cottage door, and, making her homely curtsy, asked the same question.

"My lady will be in a sad way," this humble inquirer said. It was of my lady more even than of Sir William that the rustic neighbors thought.

"My lady's a great person here about," said Mr. Gus, with a look that was half spiteful. "I wonder how she will like it when the property goes away from her. She will not take it so easily as Paul."

"No," said Fairfax, rousing up in defence, "it is not likely she would take it easily; she has all her children to think of. It is to be hoped Paul will have sense enough to provide for the children before he lets it go out of his hands."

"Ah!" This again seemed to be a new

light to Gus. "Your Lady Markham would have nothing to say to me," he said, after a pause. "She sent me off fast enough. She neither knows who I am, nor wants to know. Perhaps it would be better both for her and the children if she had been a little more civil."

It was Fairfax's turn to look at him now, which he did with quite a new curiosity. He could not understand in what possible way it might be to Lady Markham's advantage to be civil to the little gentleman whom no one knew anything about; then it occurred to him suddenly that the uncles who appear mysteriously from far countries with heaps of money to bestow, and who present themselves *incognito* to test their families, are not strictly confined to novels and the stage. Now and then such a thing has happened, or has been said to happen in real life. Could this be an instance? He was puzzled and he was amused by the idea. Mr. Gus did not look like the possessor of a colossal fortune looking for an heir; nor, though Lady Markham thought him nearly as old-looking as Sir William, did he seem to Fairfax old enough to adopt this simply beneficial rôle. Still, there seemed no other way to account for this half threat. It was all Fairfax could do to restrain his inclination to laugh; but he did so, and exerted himself at once to restore Lady Markham in his companion's mind.

"You must remember," he said — "and all we have been saying proves how much both you and I are convinced of it — that Sir William is very ill. His wife's mind is entirely occupied with him, and she is anxious about Paul. Indeed, can any one doubt that she has a great many anxieties very overwhelming to a woman who has been taken care of all her life? Fancy, should anything happen to Sir William, what a charge upon her shoulders! The wonder to me is that she can see any one — indeed she does not see any one. And if she does not know, as you say, who you are —"

"No," said Mr. Gus. Something which sounded half like a chuckle of satisfaction, and half a note of offence, was in his voice. He was like a mischievous schoolboy delighted with the effect of a mystification, yet at the same time angry that he had not been found out. "She knows nothing about me," he said, with a half laugh. Just then they had reached the Markham Arms, into which Fairfax followed him without thinking. They went into the little parlor, which was

somewhat gloomy on this dull day, and green with the shadow of the honeysuckle which hung so delightfully over the window when the sun was shining, but darkened the room now with its wreaths of obtrusive foliage, glistening in the soft summer drizzle. "Come in, come in," said Mr. Gus, pushing the chair, which was miscalled easy, towards his visitor, and smiling slightly; "nobody knows anything about me here; and if this is what you call summer, I wish I had never left Barbadoes. I can tell you, Mr. Fairfax, it was not a reception like this I looked for when I came here."

"Probably," said Fairfax, hitting the mark at a venture, "it is only Sir William himself who knows all the family relations — and as he is ill and disabled, of course he does not even know that you are here."

"He does know that I am here," cried the little gentleman, bursting with his grievance. It had come to the pitch when he could not keep silence any longer, and shut this all up in his own breast. "I wrote to let him know I had come. I should think he did know about his relations; and I — I can tell you, I'm a much nearer relation than any one here is aware."

Fairfax received this intimation quite calmly; he was not excited. Indeed it did not convey to him any kind of emotion. What did it matter? Uncle or distant cousin, it was of very little consequence. He said placidly, —

"The village looks very pretty from this window. Are you comfortable here?"

"Comfortable!" echoed Gus. "Do you think I came all this way across to shut myself up in a village public-house? I didn't even know what a village public-house was. I knew that house up there, and had known it all my life. I've got a drawing of it I'll show you, as like as anything ever was. Do you suppose I thought I would ever be sent away from there? I — oh, but you don't know, you can't suppose, how near a relation I am."

Fairfax thought the little man must be a monomaniac on this subject of his relationship to the Markhams. He thought it was but another instance of the wonderful way in which people worshipped family and descent. He himself having none of these things, had marked often, with the keenness of a man who is beyond the temptation, the exaggerated importance which most people gave to it. Sir William Markham, it might be said, was a man whom it was worth while to be

related to; but it did not matter what poor bit of a squire it was. Fairfax thought a man who could boast himself the cousin of Hodge of Chybite, was socially a better man than the best man who was related to nobody. What a strange thing this kind of test was! To belong to a famous historical family, or to be connected with people of eminent acquirements, he could understand that there might be a pride in that; but the poorest little commonplace family that had vegetated at one place for a century or two! He did not make any answer to Mr. Gus, but smiled at him, and yet compassionated him — this poor little fellow who had come over here from the tropics, with his head full of the glory of the Markhams, and now had nothing better to do than to sit in this little inn parlor and brag of his relationship to them; it was very pitiful, and yet it was ludicrous too.

"I wonder," he said suddenly, "whether they could put me up too? I want to go, and yet I don't want to be away, if you can understand that. If anything were to happen, and Markham not here —"

"I should be here," said Gus. "I tell you you haven't the least idea how near a relation I am. Lady Markham may be as high and mighty as she likes, but it would be better for her if she were a little civil. She doesn't know the power that a man may have whom she chooses to slight. And I can tell you my papers are all in order. There are no registers wanting, or certificates, or anything to be put a question upon; uncle took care of that. Though he adopted me, and had the intention of making me his heir (if he had left anything to be heir to), he always took the greatest care of all my papers. And he used to say to me, 'Look here, Gus, if anything should happen to me, here's what will set you up, my boy.' I never thought much about it so long as he was living, I thought things were going better than they were. And then when the smash came I took a little time to pick myself up. Then I thought I would do what he always advised — I'd come home. But if any one had told me I was to be living *here*, in a bit of a tavern, and nobody knowing who I am, I should not have believed a word."

"It is very unfortunate," said Fairfax, "but of course it is because of Sir William's illness — that could not have been foreseen."

"No, to be sure it could not have been foreseen," Gus said; then roused himself again in the might of his injury. "But

if you could guess, if you could so much as imagine who I really was."

Fairfax looked at him with curiosity. It was strange to see the vehemence in his face, but Gus was now carried beyond his self-control. He could not help letting himself out, getting the relief of disclosure. He leaned across the little shining mahogany table, and whispered a few words into Fairfax's ear.

From The Nineteenth Century.

AGNOSTICISM AND WOMEN.

It is acknowledged on all sides that agnosticism is gaining ground among men. It is not so thoroughly realized that in this case it must in the long run equally gain ground among women. This side of the question is not one that is often raised. Men do not see willingly that which they dislike to see, and there can be little doubt that the spread of agnosticism among women would tend to make them discontented with the quiet home life which is often their only lot. It would, moreover, increase tenfold the cry of women for the right of employment in the more active lines of life at present denied to them. Men prefer to hope that women will be slow to drive logic to its ultimate end; that they will still cling with womanly inconsistency to all that is refining and soothing in the old creeds; and that the newer and colder lights of their husbands and brothers will only serve to eliminate from those creeds the elements of superstition and fear which are now considered so debasing. But in a day when intellect in women is valued more highly than it has ever been, they will not long be willing to hold a belief that is not shared by men. All around them they see the men they admire and reverence drawn away from the beliefs of the past. Progress allures and fascinates all, and the rational mind, as opposed to the instinct, is the god at whose shrine all desire to worship. With this atmosphere around them it is not possible that women, highly emotional in temperament and essentially timid in intellect, should long remain proof against it. But, granted that agnosticism in the long run will grow among women as it has grown among men, how will it affect their interests and their employments? It may be replied that it will affect them no other-wise than it does men; but to make this reply is to forget that women are very

differently constituted. Their nature and their pursuits are different. Few women—at least so far as society is framed at present—can have a profession. Few women can hope to take an active share in political life. Even if they gain the suffrage, the pride of their equality with men on this point will only suffice to give an excitement to a few days of political contest, or may possibly awaken a keener advocacy of their special prejudices. Some among them, by the help of a busy life spent in society, are carried along by the current; and a certain percentage, and these perhaps the happiest, are obliged to work for their own living. These at least are spared the discouraging question, "Who will profit by what I do?" I am not speaking of the young. They, for the most part, do not trouble their heads about their belief, their work, or their future. They are content to let their tastes rule them. Whether it is lawn-tennis, or dancing, or more intellectual pursuits, it is all the same. In the earlier years of existence, life and energy are fully sufficient in themselves for happiness, provided those years are uncrossed by any severe lines of mental or bodily pain. Nor is it in the early days of married life that such questionings arise. While the children of a household are young, the mother has engrossing duties and pleasures, and few immediate difficulties arise in the way of education. But it is not the lot of all to be either wives or mothers, and anyhow there are a very large number of women who find themselves, as life goes on, with no children of their own to educate, and no husband in whose pursuits they can forget themselves. To what interests and employments has this large part of the community hitherto looked forward? What has lain between the eager life of youth and the ideal rest of old age? Speaking broadly, their interests have mainly been three: taking care of the old or sick, teaching the ignorant, and watching—not to speak of praying—with a cheerful countenance for the well-being of those they love. How will agnosticism affect these three interests in the future?

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness

and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of a member of the family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case. Without dwelling on the greater physical weakness of women in general, it is a fact that their brains are more easily deranged, and unless they change greatly they are apt to deteriorate in essential womanly qualities if thrown much or prominently before the world. They are seldom fitted to rule; emulation and jealousy being generally strong in their character, while their feelings and judgments are often rapid in the extreme. It is in the heart, therefore, that a woman will more especially feel the effects of agnosticism, whether those effects be for good or for evil. Her head may gain in grasp of logic and in clearness of view; but if her heart, with all its powers for good, is weakened and discouraged, she will gain little ultimately by the spread of the new views. When the heart is dispirited, or thrown back upon itself, the action that springs from it tends inevitably to fall lifeless to the ground.

Let us now look more closely at the effect agnosticism is likely to produce upon women's employments. Take first the duty of tending the old in the person whether of a parent or of the poor; a duty into which many a woman whose life would otherwise be very desolate has thrown herself with self-denying devotion, and in which she often finds her sole strong interest. If she is an agnostic, she has nothing left her but to realize that each day that passes leaves those she loves and reverences weaker and more

failing in body and mind. Like shadows of their former selves she will see them fading from her sight; not in any hope of a future glorified existence, nor even, perhaps, with that amount of earthly honor they would have had if they had died while the generation who knew them in earlier days was still alive. Gradual decay of body and mind envelops them like a mist, and causes the pettier side of character to loom largely in the foreground. All power of mental growth comes to an end, and the best that can be hoped is that death will come before second childhood has set in. From the agnostic point of view, can there be more effectual pleading in favor of euthanasia, and for the "noble suicide" of the old Romans? It may be urged that old age has its lessons to read to youth, and that it is cowardly to fly from a post where one was placed by the unerring hand of fate. What will arguments like these tell in the face of dimmed intellect or terrible disease, when the judges regard love and honor in the world's sight alone? In the case of the poor this will be felt even more strongly. How can it be reconciled with true progress to keep alive at the public expense the old, who, being sick and ignorant, can add nothing to the march of progress? By what arguments will it be brought home to the agnostic ratepayer that it is his duty to support the hopeless lunatic or incurable pauper? No appeal to humanity is effectual here. Humanity in its purely human aspect would do well to put an end to their sufferings. It is indeed whispered that even now this is sometimes done when hopeless agony and horrible disease become too much for the endurance of those who watch such cases. And surely, from the agnostic point of view, the action is a right one. It is not desirable here to enlarge upon the Christian view of such matters. It is sufficient to note that, from the agnostic point of view, the soothing elements of hope in the future, belief in the possible purification through pain, and sense of a greater and more loving power above all, are wholly lacking in a work which is essentially and specially woman's work, and which tries her heart to the utmost.

Teaching the ignorant may seem a more promising field; yet even this has a hopeless feature in it. If this life is all, what does education tend to? It tends practically with many natures to heighten and intensify unhappiness. This is a startling assertion, and will probably at

once be dismissed as untrue by some who read it. Still I can at least show that it is true in certain cases. To begin with, to *know* that you are unhappy is to feel it. Many people get through life of a very unpleasant kind more or less comfortably by the simple means of never realizing what they are suffering. Comparisons make up a large half of our miseries, and there can be no comparisons for those who know no better life than their own. Of course, if you can attain what you desire in the way of good, it is all a gain to desire it. Still there are so many good things that education helps people to long for, nay, almost to consider essential to their happiness, which the poor especially can never hope to enjoy, that I do say that education often breeds a discontent that embitters and disheartens the whole of a man's life. This is not a reason for ceasing to educate. Much that may be very justly reckoned as certain gain can only be attained through education, and from the Christian point of view it may also be progress in a path that will only become larger and larger as our powers grow and intensify in a future world. But in the case of people who believe that this world ends all, education has a different side to it. What gain will it be to the poor to know and realize fully that their lot is pain and discomfort in this world, and that this world is the only one? How will certain hard questions about justice and equality be answered? Let us place ourselves in the position of a man with education enough to know that the whole of his surroundings are necessarily wretched, and that it is only a question of money that makes the difference between his working all day on his back in a coal-mine and his master working in a comfortable room. How much happiness will his education bring him? To realize clearly what we desire and not to attain to it is often far more trying than never to have conceived anything much better than we have. People who are contented with their own way of life, and never aspire to a higher, may not be of an elevated order of mind, but they are often of a very happy one. All knowledge in its very essence ought to bring the longing for more, but if that longing can never be gratified, to raise it is a doubtful contribution to the sum of human happiness. It is only in view of attaining a higher step that a lower one is an unmixed good. Those who have worked personally among the poor can see something of

this in the class of women who through more refining employment become discontented with their own position. The contrast is so extreme between the necessary squalor of the very poor and the least culture that comes from the outside. It is to be remembered too that the poor, for all practical purposes, must be compared to those orders of creation that cannot really alter much. A few here and there, by a happy combination of chances, will rise above their comrades and make good their better side, but it can never be so with the bulk of that vast seething multitude that swarms in our great towns, or makes a struggle for existence in our agricultural counties. By all means let us go on with institutes and educational schemes and help the few, but let us never forget that the many do and must remain hopelessly unable to break the barriers that lie between them and happiness produced by culture.

Let us now imagine that the reasonable dreams of the philanthropist have been realized, and that the bulk of our lower classes have become fairly thrifty and clean, able to read and write, and have at least as much arithmetic at their command as will be required to add up their savings. The social change would be enormous. Our poor would have come to take a more reasonable view of what ought to constitute happiness — that is to say, they would feel uncomfortable when they were dirty, and sufficiently anxious about the future to take pains to save. They might defer marriage, and they might economize in all they could — which would mean going without many of the things that now amuse them. However, as these amusements are usually of a physical, not to say debasing, kind, this would not so much matter from the culture point of view. But what is there in all this to fire the enthusiasm of our thoughtful women? Coffee-palaces, with their harmless amusements, will take the place of the public house. The life of working-men might attain to a pale imitation of that tepid luxury which clubs bestow upon the classes above them. The long day in the coal-mine or the factory may be enlivened by the thought of the contest over the chess-board or the billiard-table awaiting him at night. The more studious might look forward to the hour spent in reading in the unpretending comfort of a free library. The politics of the moment may be sufficiently interesting to give a passing excitement to an evening's conversation, and a popu-

lar lecturer might gain a fairly intelligent audience. These are the unambitious aims that really lie at the bottom of many a high-flown eulogy of the education of the working-men; and what does it come to? A little more learning to help a man to know the inevitable depth of his real ignorance; a little more leisure to spend in well-lighted rooms with spillikins and coffee; a little fewer open and violent sins; a little more veneer of the more respectable sins of the upper classes. What a tiny drop in the cup of human happiness at best! And to gain this our women are to give the same enthusiasm, the same self-denying devotion, that is now given to winning immortal souls. Does any one really imagine that the enthusiasm for making people warm and comfortable can ever be as ardent as the enthusiasm for making them love God? Besides, the picture itself is not one to attract our best energies. Grant that the poor have the comforts I have described, are sorrow and care banished as a matter of course? Will the agnostic promise that the human heart will have no longing after something higher than our poor human perfection? Will he lessen the unquenchable desire for reunion with those who are parted from us by death? If he cannot do this, his efforts to make people happy in this world alone will not come to much. Material comfort adds strangely little to the sum of human happiness. Riches may smooth over difficulties and help to distract the thoughts, but what heart has ever found solid comfort in real trouble from material prosperity? Love and hope in the future alone will do this. Let our poor gain *these* through their institutes and coffee-palaces, and they will then be works to devote a lifetime to, and to fill the hearts of women with eager enthusiasm. More than this. Even if self-denying women were yet to be found to give their lives for such small ends, the ebbs and flows of human progress are too powerful and too slow to be affected perceptibly by individual effort: without the thought of fruit in the future, who would care to sow the tiny seed which may hardly throw up so much as a leaf here? To work with interest we must work with hope, and it is only in the light of a future world that work among the poor can sustain its hope long. Modern science teaches the lesson of the sacrifice of the individual for the community, and modern life carries out the lesson to its extreme end. It is on certain sides a most true and valuable lesson, and its

logic is incontestable as far as this world is concerned. But woman's work, as a rule, deals with the individual, and the lesson comes home with cruel force to an agnostic when perchance she loses the individual, and has only an intellectual appreciation of the community. If the individual is not made happy here, where else will he be made happy? Let none of us measure these things by our own fire-sides and among our own friends. To weigh them truly we must go among those who are sick in body and mind; human in their feelings and desires; animal in their hope and in their death. Who would wish to give more knowledge to dumb animals? Their ignorance is their grand medicine against pain. What are our feelings in a foreign country when we see animals suffering, and know that nothing that we can say can help them? The wisest of us turn away and forget the sight as soon as may be. It will be the same when we are brought face to face with hopeless misery, ignorance, and sin, and we are unable to say one word of real comfort or hope. The inevitable trials of the poor are almost overwhelming, and they are often of a kind that no human comfort can touch. Brave indeed will be the love that will lead our women, when they have become agnostic, to watch the suffering of those whom no help here or hereafter can reach! It is no use to say that the old myths may still be taught to the poor. No true man or woman could teach them so as to come home to their hearers if they did not believe them themselves. Never are lies seen through more surely than by children and by the poor.

One other lot especially belonging to women remains. It is that of waiting in patience for the turning again of those who have chosen to pursue an evil path. How will agnosticism affect them here? I will answer it by asking if there is any woman, be she agnostic or Christian, whose first instinct is not in such a case to pray. It is not too much to say that prayer in one form or another makes up the life of very loving natures. It gathers up all that is best and noblest in woman's character. Her hope finds its fruition, her endurance gains fresh strength, her pleading adds new force to her love. If only the effect on herself be considered, what fountains of courage are opened by prayer! But I shall not dwell here on this side of the question. It is conceded by all that if Christianity is held in very truth it brings a peculiar happiness to the person hold-

ing it. It is the reverse picture to this that must be considered. Hope for a better future in this life may still be kept alive in the heart of the agnostic waiting for the turning again of those she loves; but how very little she can often do towards it! It may be a brother or a son, and he is far away, and she cannot tell how she may use her influence over him. Or, it may be, she comes across him once more when he is dying—still young—but dying with no hope, with no opportunity of making restitution, no possibility of fresh endeavors. It may be a lingering deathbed, with remorse very keen and conscience fully alive. All she can do to soothe and comfort only brings out more clearly what might have been. She can hold out no hope that ardent desire after better things may still bear its fruit in another world. She can bring no comfort by dwelling on the thought that pain lovingly borne purifies heart and soul. There is no guarantee that agnosticism will always be confined to highly conscientious people; and it is not by them alone that we should test the strength of a belief or unbelief. The belief in an abstract ideal of virtue can sustain some minds in the battle between good and evil; but it will be a sad day for our women when they have nothing but that to carry to the deathbeds of those they love—when there is nothing between them and their despair but the realization of how far short of the ideal the individual human being, love for whom constitutes the sum of earthly happiness to woman, has fallen.

In the future, then, women will, it may be feared, have either to sit still and see their best hopes fade away, or else throw themselves eagerly into the more active lines of employment. The cry for emancipation and the right of all women to share equally with men in the rush of professional work that can drown thought and bring riches and fame will then grow too strong for resistance. Those who are most opposed to it now will in very compassion further all openings that will help to fill the void that the loss of belief will leave in the heart of women. But when the rights of women have been fully established—when their claim to contend with men for all that feeds ambition in a worldly career has been freely admitted, what is gained? Women in their truer and nobler mission must still be the centre of home life. The few may make their mark in a profession; the many must still find their occupation in their affections, and

in the refining influence they exercise over the lives of men. Take away prayer and hope, and you take away the very power that enables women to do this cheerfully, and to do it cheerfully is only another word for doing it successfully. It may be urged that the gain to a woman's intellect from the surrender of an unprovable religion will be so great that the sacrifices her heart must make will be endured with gladness. At the same time, those who urge this must remember that it is in her heart that a woman's chief strength lies, and that it is therefore on her that the greatest suffering caused by hopelessness will fall. To have to comfort and sustain hope when this life ends all will make the path of those to whose lot it falls to do it more suffering than that of the martyrs of old. They, at least, died for a belief that brought joy in its train. The agnostics will live in the loss of such a belief, and be unable to look beyond the inevitable sufferings around them.

I feel I owe a word of apology for what I have written. It is true I have broken that golden rule which forbids us to repeat what is neither new nor encouraging; but I have one excuse to offer. Not for a moment would I have any one believe in Christianity for its promises. In its truth or untruth it stands or falls, and the happiness or unhappiness of a religion does not constitute its truth. It is only in the light of the probable truth of a religion as designed by a merciful Creator that such a consideration could arise, and the position of the agnostic is a much earlier one than that. If agnosticism is held through the earnest conviction that it is the only true standpoint, and that nothing better is possible for the human intellect to hold, the honesty of the position in its best justification. Our conscience is the sole ultimate tribunal before which to try any such question. But it is not always through earnest conviction that agnosticism is held. To be in the front ranks of progress, and in the tide of intellectual fashion; to rise above the "prejudices" that spring from our instincts rather than our reason; and above all to be in sympathy with the men they admire, are often the more potent influences that sway a woman's mind towards the atheism of the present day. It is with the desire that minds likely to be so influenced should look facts in the face that I have written what I have. But if it is the lot of any to be obliged through honesty of thought to cast away their ancient landmarks, at

least let them consider if it is all gain to others that they should be led to do likewise. What has the agnostic to offer in compensation? In the strength of his days he sets out for the goal of culture. Physical, mental, moral culture, is his aim and his watchword. Enlightenment in this world takes the place of hope in the next, and the intellect alone sets its seal upon the future. Enthusiastic for all progress, he forgets that a progress that comes to an end with death is no true progress at all, and that which is untrue for the individual cannot be true for the human race. With their faith that of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain it.

BERTHA LATHBURY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE REGICIDES OF THIS CENTURY.

KINGS and emperors have been so many since the world began to form itself into states, and they have naturally had so many enemies, that one is inclined to marvel that so few of them should have perished by assassination. There have always been occasions of which a determined man could approach the person of the best-guarded monarch; and so the fact that sovereigns are generally well protected has little to do with their comparative immunity. But it is noticeable that attempts against rulers are usually made when society is in a perturbed state, and the popular respect for supreme authority has got weakened. Thus feeble-handed or well-meaning potentates who sought the good of their subjects, have been more exposed to criminal assaults than downright tyrants; and it is very seldom that the murderer of one of them has in any way benefited the popular cause. It may be suspected that most regicides have been madmen; on no other supposition can one explain the habitual short-sightedness of their calculations. Louis Philippe, of France, had his life attempted nineteen times. He was a good-natured, constitutional king, who had no power to harm a soul even had he wished to do so, which he did not; and he had a large family of grown-up sons, who were all popular, so that if he had

been killed, the sceptre would have passed into younger and stronger hands than his at once. There was no sense in endeavoring to take the life of such a man. His assailants must unquestionably have been persons of weak or crooked intellect; and one may say the same of Hædel, Nobiling, and Passanante, who within the last two years lifted up their hands against the emperor of Germany and the king of Italy. The death of William I. could have done the Socialists no sort of good, and that of Humbert I. would not have advanced the cause either of republicanism or of clericalism in Italy. The case is somewhat different in regard to Alexander II. of Russia and Alphonso of Spain, who stand in much the same position as Napoleon III. did in France. The head of the Bonaparte dynasty was looked upon as the incarnation of a political system. If he had been killed by the Orsini bombs in 1858, the empire would have collapsed with him; and so, if Alphonso were to fall before having an heir of age to succeed him, his kingdom would become a prey to all the adventurers who have something to expect from civil war. As to the czar, the Nihilists are probably wrong in supposing that there would be any vital change in the form of government if the crown were to change hands; but there is room for doubt on the subject, so, if they be mad, there is at least a method in their criminal folly.

The first year of the nineteenth century was marked by an attempt on the life of General Bonaparte, who was then first consul. Two Italians, named Arena and Gerachi, sought to kill him on December 24, 1800, with an infernal machine, as he was returning to Paris from St. Cloud. This is the first time we hear of infernal machines. Arena and his comrade had constructed theirs by placing a box charged with explosive materials on either side of the road, and connecting the two boxes by means of a wire, which, when touched by the horses of the first consul's carriage, was to pull the triggers of two pistols loaded with tinder, and thereby set fire to the explosive stuff. The blow-up occurred as had been expected, and one of the postilions was wounded; but Bonaparte himself escaped without a scratch. His life was twice tried after that, in February, 1804, by George Cadoudal and some other Bretons, who threw some grenades under his carriage as he was leaving the Cour du Carrousel in the Tuileries; and on October 23, 1809, by a student named Staaps, who

endeavored to stab him in the garden of the emperor of Austria's palace at Schœnbrunn. There were many other conspiracies against the emperor's days, but they were all discovered by the police, and their authors sent to the scaffold or the galleys. Napoleon I. was too much a fatalist to care for assassins, and it is said that even after the attempt of Cadoudal, when he had a very narrow escape, he remained quite unmoved, remarking that he had his appointed work to do, and should not fall till he had done. Considering that Napoleon was an autocrat of the hardest type, and that as a conqueror he had humiliated almost every nation on the Continent, it is not surprising that he should have had a large number of desperate foes; but it is noticeable that the chief attempts on his life were made at a time when his throne was not yet securely established. So long as he was regarded as the master of the world, the awe which he inspired was universal, and murderers seem to have been afraid to strike him.

It would be difficult to explain why assassins almost always fail in their attacks upon rulers. If, as Scott says, "a sinful heart makes feeble hand," we have a reason; but it is not the less remarkable that infernal machines, pistols aimed almost point-blank, and poignards wielded by the hands of men who do not seem to be poltroons, should so generally miss their marks. The conspirators who assassinated the emperor Paul of Russia on March 11, 1801, went to work in a way that precluded the possibility of failure. They surprised him in his bedroom at night and strangled him with a towel. The high rank of the conspirators, the number of them, and the determination with which they were animated, gave the unhappy czar no chance. A sentinel who endeavored to raise the alarm was overcome and disarmed; another who was on guard outside the czar's room was killed; a page who stood in the way was hurled over some balusters. The murderers acted like men who felt that they were bound to succeed or to die; and they were nerved by the consciousness that the czar's heir—the future Alexander I.—was at heart with them, so that if they succeeded they would not be punished. Besides, Paul II. was a monomaniac who had no friends. The people despised and hated him; the army had no respect for him; and, to make matters worse, the czar's overt admiration for France and General Bonaparte was regarded as politically detrimental to the

interests of Russia by the boyards, who favored the English alliance. The Russians themselves pretend that the English ambassador had knowledge of the plot against Paul's life, and tacitly abetted it. However this may be, the assassination of the unfortunate czar cannot be looked upon as an ordinary case of regicide, it was rather a political execution decreed by a *Vehmgericht*, which numbered scores of the leading nobles of the empire.

From 1809, when Napoleon was assaulted at Schœnbrunn, until 1832, when the life of the emperor Ferdinand of Austria was attempted at Baden, the ruling potentates of this earth lived unmolested. In the mean time, however, the Duke de Berry, eldest son of the Count d'Artois, heir-apparent to the French throne, had been assassinated on the steps of the opera-house by the republican fanatic Louvel (who plunged a knife between his shoulders), and this murder is believed by some historians to have had a fatal effect in shaking the Bourbon dynasty. It is doubtful, however, whether, had the prince lived until 1830, he could have helped to avert the revolution which took place in that year. He was a kindly-disposed prince, but frivolous and headstrong, and it is not likely that he would have opposed the issuing of those dictatorial "Ordinances" against the liberty of the press which cost Charles X. his throne, and led to the accession of the Duke of Orleans, under the name of Louis Philippe.

Louis Philippe, as already said, had his life tried nineteen times. The most famous of the attempts against him was that made by the Corsican Fieschi, in 1835, by means of an infernal machine composed of a number of gun-barrels. This dastardly outrage, committed in broad daylight, while the king was holding a review, resulted in the death of Marshal Mortier and of twelve other persons. Fieschi is suspected to have been the mere hireling instrument of a republican faction; but he went stoically to the guillotine without having betrayed any of his accomplices. A private soldier named Alibaud, one Darnes, a mechanic, Meunier, a merchant's clerk, Lecomte, a gamekeeper, and Henry, a crack-brained manufacturer, were amongst the other scoundrels who at different times essayed to kill the most peaceable monarch France ever had. Louis Philippe had grown so accustomed to be shot at, that he used to return to the Tuileries after each new attempt in a perfectly composed frame of

mind and ready for his evening's work. The anxiety of his family and his ministers were, however, of course very great, and towards the close of his reign he never showed himself in public without a formidable escort of soldiers. By way of taking exercise, he was reduced to walking in the parks of his two favorite châteaux at Neuilly, near Paris, and Eu, in the neighborhood of Dieppe. Nobody could get near him at either of these two places, and it is not surprising that he spent more of his time in them than in any of the other royal residences.

During Louis Philippe's reign, and the four following years, attempts were made upon the life of Queen Victoria by Oxford in 1840, and by a workman named Francis in 1842; upon the king of Prussia, Frederick William IV., in 1844, and again in 1850; upon the present emperor of Germany, then military commander of Coblenz, in 1849; and upon Isabella, queen of Spain, in 1852. None of these attempts succeeded. Oxford, who shot at Queen Victoria while she was passing on Constitution Hill, was clearly a lunatic, and was consigned to Bedlam as such. He remained there about twenty-five years, and whilst in confinement showed himself invariably rational, working industriously as a carpenter, and expressing his deep remorse whenever he was questioned about what he termed his "wicked piece of foolery." Oxford is alive still, but he is residing out of England. Not so Francis, the carpenter, who assaulted the queen in 1842, and made a large wale on her face. This man died shortly after he had been lodged in St. Luke's Bethlehem. He was unquestionably mad. Nevertheless, after his offence, Parliament passed a bill enacting that flogging should be inflicted in future upon any one seeking to inflict bodily harm upon the queen, or to threaten her. It was by virtue of this act that the young fool O'Connor, who levelled a pistol at the queen in 1869, was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year, and to receive twenty strokes with a birch. The queen kindly remitted the whole punishment, and caused the boy to be supplied with funds that he might emigrate to Australia. But within less than a year after he had been shipped off to Southampton, O'Connor returned to England, and was found prowling within the precincts of Buckingham Palace at night, evidently with evil intent. This time he was certified to be out of his mind, and was sent to an asylum, where he remained under treatment four years.

He is believed now to be in New Zealand.

The persons of queens ought, by reason of their sex, to be more sacred than those of kings; yet Isabella of Spain, like her royal sister of England, had her life attempted twice. In 1852, while she was attending mass in the Cathedral of Atrocha, at Madrid, a man called Martin Marinos endeavored to stab her, and would have succeeded, but for the interposition of an officer, who, rushing forward, received the blow on his arm. So violently had the blow been dealt, that the stiletto completely transixed the officer's biceps muscles, and could with difficulty be extracted. The queen, when she saw the blood flow, swooned; but the officer, with true Castilian gallantry, borrowed a cloak to hide his wound, and, though faint with pain, claimed the honor of leading her Majesty back to her carriage. Isabella, before parting from him, made him a knight of her order of "Isabella the Catholic," and appointed him to be one of her aides-de camp. Four years after this, in May 1856, the queen of Spain was shot at while driving through the streets of Madrid. A peculiarity about this attempt was that the bullet intended for the queen passed clean through the two windows of her carriage, shattered the plate-glass front of an engraver's shop, and pierced a portrait of her Majesty that was displayed for sale in the window. The portrait was purchased by the queen for 40*l.*, and, magnificently framed in gold, was presented by her as a thank-offering to the chapel of the Convent of Maria de las Misericordias.

From Spain we may return to France, where Napoleon III. was reigning. It was in 1852 that this sovereign's life was tried for the first time; and another attempt was made upon it by a radical shoemaker in 1853. This year — 1853 — was prolific in regicidal outrages, for a traitor called Libenyi tried in February to murder the emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, whilst in March a soldier sought to dispose of the reigning duke of Parma, Charles III. Three years passed now without any more crimes of this sort; but in 1856 Napoleon III. was twice put in peril of his life, both his aggressors (Pianori and Bellamare) being Italians. It is said that after the attempt of Bellamare the emperor took to wearing a shirt of mail under his linen. It was not, however, until after the fearful enterprise of Orsini, on January 14, 1858, that he got to

be so seriously unnerved as to live in constant dread of assassination. Count Felice Orsini was not a mere vulgar fanatic, but a gentleman by birth, education, and fortune. An ardent patriot, and a partisan of the unification of Italy, his grudge against Napoleon III. was that the latter, when a political refugee in Italy, had joined a Freemasonic lodge, and sworn certain oaths which, by-and-by, as emperor, he had neglected to fulfil. Principally as regards Rome, Orsini was furious at seeing the temporal power of the pope maintained by a French garrison of eighteen thousand men; and two years before attempting Napoleon's life he wrote anonymously to warn him that the Carbonaro lodges had decreed his death, and that the sentence would infallibly be carried out if the Imperial policy towards Italy were not altered. Had Count Orsini's accomplices — Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez — been men of his mettle and determination, the attempt against Napoleon on the night of January 14, 1858, must have been crowned with success; but they were poor, ignorant cravens, who did their work for pay, not from conviction, and their hearts failed them at the critical moment. Each of them had been provided with two explosible shells, which were to be thrown under the emperor's carriage as it drove up to the Opera. Orsini threw his two shells, and Pierri one, but the other two men ran off in a fright when they heard the first explosion. The damage done by the shells was ghastly. Five people were killed outright, and nine wounded; all the soldiers of the mounted escort were bruised or scratched; the emperor's coachman fell off his box stunned on to the carcase of one of his horses, who lay dead; and one of the footmen was blown twenty yards off, with his skull battered in. Meanwhile hundreds of panes of glass in the street had been smashed, all the gas-lamps were extinguished, and in the darkness there resounded an appalling tumult of plunging horses and shrieking women. Lanterns and torches had to be brought out of the opera, and then it was seen that the Imperial coach was a complete wreck. How the emperor and empress managed to escape, with not so much as a singed hair or a cut finger, is nothing short of marvellous. Apparently not daunted in the least by what had happened, the empress said to the emperor, "We must go into the house to show them we are not afraid," and a few minutes later the entry of the Imperial couple into their box be-

came the signal for a magnificent ovation, all the spectators rising *en masse* and cheering to the echo.

Nevertheless, from this time Napoleon III. was an altered man. In the following year he undertook the war against Austria, for the liberation of Italy, and ever afterwards he went in fear of his life. Not a coward's fear, but a fear which the French call *crainte raisonnée*. He expected to be murdered, and took the minutest precautions to ensure that the government should be carried on by a strong regency in case of his demise. He never went out without leaving directions as to where the latest copy of his will was to be found; and at times, when he was in low spirits, he used to say that he had dreamed he should be assassinated within such and such a time. During the remainder of his reign, all Italians visiting France were required to exhibit passports; and if not persons of undoubted respectability, were closely watched till an excuse was found for expelling them from the country. In despite of these precautions, Napoleon's life was again attempted, by an Italian, in 1863; whilst in 1866 three other intriguers of Orsini's interesting country — Greco, Trabuco, and Imperatore — entered into a murderous plot against his life, which was happily nipped in the bud by the police. There is said to have been another and more mysterious attempt against the emperor, of which the public heard nothing, except by rumor. A gamekeeper, of the forest of Compiègne, shot at his Majesty while the latter was engaged in a pheasant *battue*; but one of the equerries in attendance on Napoleon discharged both the barrels of his breach-loader into the head of the murderer, and killed him on the spot. So the story runs; but whether it be a true one or not, will probably never be known till some of the secret memoirs of the Imperial era come to light.

During Napoleon III.'s reign there were attempts against King William of Prussia, in 1861, and against the viceroy of Egypt, in 1869; whilst in 1865 Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, was murdered in the theatre of Washington, as he was attending a performance of "Our American Cousin." This calamitous event was followed by what some consider as the judicial murder of the emperor Maximilian, at Queretaro, in 1867, and by the assassination of Prince Michael of Servia, at Belgrade, in

1868. In the mean time the emperor Alexander II. of Russia had been twice exposed to criminal enterprises — once in St. Petersburg, when he was shot at by a man named Korakasow, and the second time in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, when he narrowly missed extinction at the hands of Berezowski, a young Polish refugee. But these attempts against the czar are so closely interwoven with events of the present day that they must be mentioned in fuller detail.

It was to a peasant named Kommisarow that the czar was believed to have owed his safety when Korakasow fired at him in 1866, but some saw that Kommisarow fainted with emotion on hearing the shot, and that it was a woman who first raised the cry that he had stepped forward and arrested the assassin's arm. Anyhow the lucky peasant was loaded with honors and presents. The czar gave him the title of baron, a palace, an income; and would doubtless have kept him in lasting favor had not this alleged preserver turned out to be a brute addicted to drink, so that he had to be disposed of at length by being sent as lieutenant into a regiment campaigning in the Caucasus, where he is said to have died soon afterwards. As for Korakasow, he was sent to Siberia, and may be working in the mines there to this day for aught that is known to the contrary. The czar was rather surprised than upset by this man's attempt on his life, for Nihilism had not yet begun to ferment in the land, and Korakasow was looked upon as an isolated madman; but in the following year Berezowski's attempt gave Alexander II. infinite pain. The emperors of Russia and France were returning together from a review in the Bois de Boulogne when Berezowski — a lad of twenty — stepped forward and discharged both barrels of a pistol at once at their barouche. The pistol exploded and wounded the assassin, but it was not this that saved the life of the czar. M. Rambaud, an equerry who was riding beside the carriage, happened to see the pistol aimed, and spurred his horse forward just in time to intercept the bullets; indeed, the blood of the wounded charger was sprinkled over the czarewitch, and made Napoleon III. imagine for a moment that this young prince had been wounded.

It turned out when Berezowski was put upon his trial, that his father and a brother had been exiled to Siberia for participation in the Polish rebellion of 1863, and this fact saved him from the

guillotine. The jury at the Seine assizes tempered their verdict of "guilty" with the finding of "extenuating circumstances," and the prisoner was sentenced to be transported to New Caledonia. Whether he is there now is not exactly known to the public, for one of the first acts of the government of national defence in 1870 was to grant him a pardon; and though this act of grace was subsequently cancelled by M. Thiers, some say that Berezowski had already been liberated when the order for detaining him arrived. Others say that Berezowski escaped from Noumea in 1871; others again allege that he died in 1872. Altogether a mystery hangs over the fate of this young man, whom the French government profess to be still holding in durance.

Berezowski's crime did his fellow-countrymen, the Poles, an immense deal of mischief. The iron grasp of their Russian rulers was tightened upon them from that time, and various merciful concessions which had been wrung from the czar's pity for their nation were withdrawn. Probably it will transpire in time that the recent Nihilist outrages have had an equally pernicious effect in checking the liberal progress of Russian institutions. The attempt of Solowiev in 1879, the explosion on the Moscow railway, and the attempted blowing up of the Winter Palace in the present year, are crimes of a sort which either drive an autocrat mad with panic or else harden him. In any case they cannot be favorable to the cause of the misguided factions who are responsible for them. Russia can, no more than any other State, civilize itself by murder.

A passing allusion has been made to the attempts of Nobiling and Hædel on the emperor of Germany; to that of Pas-sanante on King Humbert; and to those of Moncasi and Ottero on the king of Spain. It will be remembered that in 1872 a cowardly endeavor was made to blow up the carriage that contained King Alphonso's predecessor, King Amadeo, and the latter's gentle queen, who was at the time in very weak health, and who died soon afterwards. Amadeo abdicated shortly after this occurrence, and left the unfortunate kingdom, which he had so honestly essayed to govern, to be ruled by the present sovereign, who, at the time of his accession, was a boy of eighteen. Alphonso, though young, has exhibited all the nerve and temper of middle age in facing the perils by which he is—and must continue for a long time to be—

surrounded. He is quite conscious of standing in a most critical position; but he has faith in his star, and it must be hoped, for the credit of humanity, that he will be allowed to finish in peace and honor, and in the full ripeness of age, a reign which he began well, and which he is carrying on with courage.

One must add two presidents of South American republics to the list of rulers who have recently fallen victims to political zealotry. Don Gabriel Garcia Morenos, president of Ecuador, was assassinated in 1875; and Don B. Gill, president of Paraguay, perished in 1877 under similar circumstances. Of the attempts at assassination perpetrated in the Spanish republics of America—in Mexico, Chili, Peru, and elsewhere—it would be invidious to speak. They are too numerous. The newspapers bring us accounts of new ones by almost every mail; and one can only marvel that any sensible man should be found to accept the presidential functions in these extraordinary countries, where a ruler seems to be looked upon as a living target at whom aspirant politicians are privileged to shoot without running the risk of being disgraced as murderers if they succeed in hitting him.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE CIVIL CODE OF THE JEWS.

V.

NEXT to an animal, the Mischna regards "the pit" as a principal cause of damage. A large number of cases where loss or injury was occasioned by anything in the nature of an obstruction were also legally assimilated to those wherein the mischief was attributable to a tank or well or similar excavation which had been permitted to remain uncovered or imperfectly protected.

The ordinances of the civil code applicable to suits for compensation belonging to this important class differed in several respects from the provisions dealing with mischief occasioned by an animal. In the first place, "the pit" was always considered a *muad*—i.e. it was always calculated to cause damage and do injury if carelessly looked after. The proprietor was bound to take sufficient precautions that any pit, well, or tank of which he made use did not prove a source of danger to neighbors and passengers; for mischief was always to be anticipated from

these excavations, just as injury was to be apprehended from the instincts or known propensities of an animal. Hence infractions of the law coming under the category of "the pit" rendered the offending party in every case liable to the full amount of the damage or loss occasioned by reason of his imprudence or carelessness. Again, if an ox known to be a muad, having vicious propensities, killed a man, the owner was condemned to pay the penalty designated *khofer*, amounting to thirty shekels, as ordained in the Pentateuch (Exodus xxi. 32). If the animal had slain a human being, there was further what the Ghemara terms *asur be-hana'a*—the proprietor was forbidden to have any profit or advantage from the beast; he was not permitted to use it for field-labor; nor was he allowed to eat the flesh thereof. But in the case of "the pit," notwithstanding that this excavation was legally regarded as a muad, the person owning it was acquitted of the payment *khofer* if a human being fell into the pit and was killed in consequence. The proprietor was, however, liable for any hurt or injury sustained when the fall did not prove mortal. One other distinction was made in the two categories here contrasted. If an ox or other animal did any mischief to another beast, and damaged also the harness or trappings of that other, the owner of the vicious brute was compelled to pay for the deterioration in the value of the injured animal, and for the harness or trappings spoiled and broken. In the case of an animal falling into a pit, the defendant was condemned to pay for the animal, but according to the majority of Hebrew legists, not for any damage to either trappings or harness.

No one under any circumstances had a right to trespass upon another's property. Hence an owner could not be held responsible for damage or injury caused by a pit, tank, or well on his own private domain, or situated in a courtyard to which he alone had right of access. The obligation to see that these excavations were properly covered or fenced off extended only to the following cases specified by law. If the pit or tank was dug in such a manner as to abut upon a public highway, or in a field across which the public possessed a right of way, he was liable for damage occasioned by reason of his having such pit or tank imperfectly protected. If the excavation was on a piece of waste or common ground, or if on his own property and he permitted the

public to make use of the enclosure, he was also responsible for any mischief resulting from his carelessness. Again—and this was a common case, owing to the necessity of tanks for the purposes of irrigation and agriculture—if the pit or well abutted or opened upon a neighbor's property, the proprietor was responsible only for damage occasioned to this neighbor by negligence.

It is evident that the greater number of cases wherein loss was occasioned by an excavation in such a manner as to be comprised in the category of "the pit" would be those where animals had fallen into the opening, uncovered or imperfectly protected, and had been injured or killed by the fall. The law therefore enacted that to render the defendant liable in such cases for the death of an ox the depth of the pit must have been at least ten *tephalim*—each *tephal* being about four hands' breadth. This depth was considered sufficient to cause the death of such an animal. If the pit was not so deep, the proprietor was acquitted if the ox was killed, but was responsible for any injury or hurt which caused a deterioration in the value of the beast. The reasoning of the Hebrew legists here is evident. The case was considered as that of an ox regarded as a *tham*—a generally docile and well-behaved animal—who committed damage in an unexpected and unusual manner. The vicious outbreak of the beast was not anticipated by the owner, who apprehended no serious mischief to arise from his neglect. In like manner the owner of the pit did not expect his carelessness in respect of a comparatively shallow excavation to prove fatal to cattle—a fall of less than ten *tephalim* not being calculated to cause the death of so large an animal as an ox. Any less depth was, however, likely to injure or wound; hence the liability in every case for hurt inflicted in this manner upon either man or beast. One foot of water was accounted equal to two feet of earth. A pit eight *tephalim* deep and having two *tephalim* of water, or one six *tephalim* deep and having four of water, was considered equivalent to the legal ten *tephalim*. And the proprietor in such cases was liable if an ox fell into the tank or pit and was either killed by the shock or suffocated or drowned. If two persons used a well, or tank, or pit, in common, and it so happened that both left it uncovered, and subsequently damage was caused by reason of this negligence, the last of the two who made use thereof was

accountable for whatever mischief resulted. Again, if two individuals dug a pit, one completing nine tephaim, and the other afterwards adding one tephaim unknown to his fellow-laborer—in this case both parties were liable if injury was occasioned, or if an ox was wounded or hurt. But if an animal was killed by falling into the excavation the person who added the last tephaim (thus rendering the pit sufficiently deep to create liability for such an accident) was adjudged to pay the value of the beast. If the defendant in any case of damage caused by a pit could prove that he had provided a proper and strong covering or fence in order to prevent the occurrence of any accident likely to cause injury, he was of course acquitted. The covering must, however, have been strong enough to permit not only pedestrians to use the road where the pit was situated in perfect safety, but must have been calculated to prove an effective protection in the case of the heaviest traffic in the habit of passing that way. If the tank or well or excavation had been left in care of an idiotic person, or a deaf-mute, or a young child not capable of exercising proper supervision and taking sufficient precautions to prevent accidents, the proprietor was condemned to pay for all the mischief resulting from his carelessness.

Every case of damage occasioned by anything in the nature of an obstacle, or temporarily partaking of or having the nature of an obstacle, was regarded as legally assimilated to those wherein the mischief was caused by an open excavation. Hence the category becomes extremely important. A hedge of thorns was considered a mud in regard of its likelihood to do mischief when the proprietor suffered it to grow wild and encumber the road or pathway, or hang over into a neighbor's field, garden, or orchard. He was obliged to keep it in good condition, and properly trimmed, in order to prevent damage to the persons or clothing of wayfarers, or to cattle. Manure heaps, masses of rotting straw, stubble, and other matter required for manure, were regarded in the light of obstructions; and, though the respective owners had the right at prescribed seasons of year to place these in certain public places, they were held directly accountable for any damage or injury caused by these encumbrances. Heaps of rubbish and broken things entailed responsibility upon the person who placed them in a position where they were likely to do

harm. Any individual who placed his merchandise or goods or property in the public streets where they were calculated to impede traffic—or where during darkness they were not clearly discernible at a distance—was responsible for any loss incurred or injury inflicted in accordance with the law applicable to damage comprised in the category of "the pit." Those who were cleaning out the eaves and gutters of their houses during the seasons when this was customary and permitted were liable for any hurt resulting from water thrown from the roofs and housetops. If, however, the person who was hurt could have avoided the stream of water by passing on the opposite side of the road, the defendant was acquitted. In like manner, any person or persons in the habit of keeping goods for sale or articles in process of manufacture—as pots to dry—in a public street, according to known custom, and in places invariably so occupied, were exonerated from blame in the event of such goods or articles doing damage of any kind to passengers and passers-by. If a street was encumbered by things which had no business there in such a manner as to prevent a passage, it was permitted to break the things in order to make a road. So, too, where a private court was filled with goods without the permission of the proprietor of the building where it was situated.

In a number of cases assimilated to those coming under the category of "the pit" the damage might have been caused by things which only temporarily became obstacles. For instance, a man carrying a beam of wood upon his shoulders and hurting another walking in front of him, or breaking anything carried by the person in front of him, was condemned to pay for the damage he occasioned. The beam for the time being partook of the nature of an obstruction that occasioned hurt and caused mischief. If, however, the man carrying the beam was in front of the other and suddenly stopped short, thus too converting his beam into an obstruction, he was only liable if the other had neither time nor warning in order that he might have avoided a collision. If one person walking slipped and another immediately behind him fell over the former and was injured or suffered loss by breaking anything he was carrying, the first-named was condemned to pay according to the laws applicable to damage caused by "the pit." So, too, if one was carrying or dragging anything through the streets, and the object broke,

and a passenger subsequently stumbled over the fragments; or if water was spilled and a passer-by slipped and was injured or damaged his clothing, the person who left the fragments or threw away the water was condemned to make good the damage. An animal permitted to lie down in the street so as to prevent or impede locomotion; and in fact every movable or immovable thing placed in such a manner as to cause damage or injury to those entitled to pass where the temporary obstruction was found, rendered the person guilty of negligence liable to an action for indemnity, in accordance with the law applicable to damage coming under the category of "the pit."

VI.

DAMAGE caused by the agency of fire was regarded as the type or representative of all cases coming under the third category of which the Hebrew code took cognizance. The *toldoth*—derived cases—comprised in the same division, and determined in accordance with the same principles, included all instances wherein the mischief was done by an object falling from an elevation, moved in the first instance by either the force of the wind or its own weight and the inadequacy of the support provided for it. For example, if a tool were carelessly left on a roof, and the wind hurled it down into the street so as to cause mischief; if a building was found to be unstable or improperly shored up and it fell in, thus doing injury; or if a tree grew in such a situation on one person's property that its branches overhung the public highway or projected into the courtyard of a neighbor, and a limb snapping fell and occasioned hurt to persons or property—all these were considered *toldoth* cases assimilated to that of damage caused by fire.

The distinction between these cases and those of indirect damage classed under the category of that committed by the horns of an animal must be clearly understood. If a tool or utensil was left on the roof of a house or rested on a beam, and a fowl flying that way flapped its wings against the tool or utensil so as to cause it to fall; or an animal broke the beam so that anything above it was hurled to the earth, and mischief was wrought by the falling object, the case was one of indirect damage coming under the category of "the horn." It was likened to that of an ox who trampled upon an object under foot, the fragments of which flew

up and caused the hurt. The defendant adjudged as negligent was liable in the penalty of one-half, applicable to an animal regarded as a *tham*. But if in any of the instances here mentioned the force of the wind or the intrinsic weakness of the beam occasioned the fall of the tool or utensil and the subsequent loss and injury, the case was assimilated to that wherein the damage was directly caused by fire.

Responsibility in cases of damage included under this category differed somewhat from that thrown upon individuals in the two former categories—those of "the ox" and "the pit." In the first place, a proprietor was liable for any mischief caused by either an animal or an excavation left in charge of a deaf-mute, an idiot, or a young child incapable of properly supervising them. In cases where damage was done by fire, the defendant was not liable if the mischief-working element had been in charge of one of the three guardians named, notwithstanding their legal incompetency. Loss occasioned by fire differed also as regards the indemnity payable by the party to whose negligence the damage was attributable from that imposed under the other two categories in the following respects: the penalty of one-half inflicted in the case of a *tham* could not, under any circumstances, be applied to this division; and—unlike the instances of injury caused by "the pit"—the culpable person in cases of fire was liable for everything destroyed through his imprudence and negligence. As, however, the liability for all the damage resulting from a conflagration might under easily conceivable circumstances render one man responsible for the destruction of an entire town, some amount of latitude was allowed to the local tribunals in assessing the compensation. As one of the most eminent of the Mischnic doctors, Rabbi Simon, observes, "Everything depends upon the nature, extent, and circumstances under which the conflagration occurred." Accordingly, the law laid down only general principles applicable to the majority of instances likely to arise. These were such as to admit of an equitable construction in all cases not provided for by the letter of the law. In a similar manner, and with a view of preventing any undue straining of the enactment which held the defendant liable to compensate the plaintiff for every thing consumed by a fire, the Hebrew jurists established the principle of non-payment for what is technically known in the Ghemara as *lamun*—that

which is concealed or hidden. This we shall presently explain.

The three principal cases in which damage could be occasioned by a fire were necessarily the following: (1) where the fire broke out in a private house, and, spreading, caused further mischief—the origin of the conflagration being an oven or open hearth within-doors; (2) where a light was carried about or placed outside, or a heap of any kind was fired and burned without the house, and the flames spread owing to gusts of wind or culpable neglect, and damage resulted in consequence; or (3) where one person was carrying a light or firebrand or torch, and another suddenly brought some combustible matter in contact with the flame, thus kindling a fire that extended so as to entail loss and injury. The laws applicable to each of these three instances are concise and clear.

To prevent, as far as ordinances of this description could, the occurrence of conflagrations arising from within-doors, the communal regulations of each town and village provided that no person should have an enclosed oven or furnace—*thanur*—in his house unless there was a clear space of three tephachim (each four hands' breadth) between the ceiling or roof and the top of the said oven or furnace. In the case of an open hearth a distance of one topchal was considered sufficient. If a conflagration originated in a private house, the cause being unknown, and spread so as to cause damage or injury, the proprietor of the dwelling was exonerated from all liability if he had complied with the regulation which prohibited him from using improperly constructed furnaces or hearths. If, on the other hand, he had neglected these precautionary ordinances he was condemned to pay the whole amount of the mischief. If, however, the fire extended in an unusual manner, leaping over walls of a certain height, spreading across streets of a definite width, or crossing intervening spaces of a specified breadth, the defendant was only liable for the damage committed within the lesser confined area of the original conflagration. It was held that an ordinary fire might be anticipated to result from carelessness or neglect of necessary precautions; but an extended conflagration was not as a rule to be anticipated in such cases. The direction and force of the wind would also be important factors in causing a fire to leap over unusual obstacles and wide spaces. The Mischna regards a wall more than

four ells in height, and a street more than sixteen ells in breadth, as calculated in ordinary cases to arrest the spread of a fire, and therefore sufficient to free the culpable party from responsibility for damage committed by a conflagration extending beyond such boundaries. The liability of the defendant for the mischief committed by the fire within these limits and boundaries was of course in no wise affected by this restriction.

In the case of damage caused by a naked light carried from one place to another, the law likewise held the negligent person responsible for all the mischief occasioned by such carelessness. The liability extended to a smith, in respect of his forge and the sparks flying therefrom; to a baker in respect of the cinders from his ovens; to a shopkeeper in respect of the lights and illuminations outside his shop or stall or booth. If a naked light or movable fire of any description was in charge of a deaf-mute, idiot, or child, the exemptions which existed when damage resulted from an immovable fire—*i.e.* an oven or hearth within-doors—in charge of the same incompetent guardians could not be pleaded. From a torch or lantern in the hands of such irresponsible persons mischief was always to be anticipated; hence the defendant's liability in this, though not in the general category of cases comprised in the category of damage caused by fire.

In the third class above mentioned, where one person held a light or brand and a second carried the matter or material which caught fire and caused the mischief, the responsibility was with him who brought the two into contact. If the person holding the light was in his own door or yard, and another passing brought the inflammable stuff so near that it caught and was consumed or did damage, the second was liable for any loss incurred. If the bearer of the flame carried his light in such a manner or dropped a spark so that it kindled something on or in a neighbor's yard or house; or on a laden cart that was passing by him or his premises, he was responsible for the damage he occasioned. It is worthy of note here that an incendiary who purposely set fire to a neighbor's stack or field was subject to no additional punishment. As in the case of one who by negligence destroyed another's property or belongings, he was simply required to make good the damage he had committed.

The liability of the defendant was, however, in every case limited by the reserva-

tion before mentioned, known as *tamun* — i.e. non-payment for anything hidden. If, for example, the fire occurred in a field, the plaintiff could not claim compensation for anything in the field not usually found in such a place. Ploughs, rakes, and implements used in husbandry; animals — goats, oxen, and asses tethered or pasturing there; in fact, all objects generally or likely to have been in the meadow or cornfield where they were alleged to have been burned, had to be paid for. But if the plaintiff alleged that valuables or property of any kind were contained in a barn or outhouse where such things are not as a rule kept, the defendant was not held responsible for their destruction. If, on the other hand, a private dwelling-house was destroyed by fire the owner could demand compensation for all he alleged to have been consumed by reason of the defendant's negligence. Here the condition *tamun* could not of course apply. To prevent any exorbitant or extortionate demands against the defendant, the law, however, ordained that if a person whose house had been burned down claimed indemnity for anything unusually valuable — a jewel, an important document, or precious stones — he should bring witnesses either that his position and means were such as to warrant or render it probable that he had possessed such property; or that he had shown or allowed two other persons to see the said property on some one occasion to which they could testify. In the absence of the two witnesses required by law to establish a claim of any kind, the plaintiff was in all cases of damage committed by fire compelled to take the rabbinical oath — before explained — in order to obtain compensation as claimed for objects within the house, or in the field alleged to have been destroyed. He was obliged to swear, according to the prescription of the rabbins, that he had really owned and possessed the valuables and chattels payment for which he sought to enforce; and that they had really been consumed by the conflagration which had occurred by reason of the defendant's carelessness and neglect.

From The Saturday Review.

THE JESUITS AND THE CIVIL POWER.

WE have discussed elsewhere the decree issued by the French government, with questionable justice and more than

questionable wisdom, for the expulsion of the Jesuits. But whatever may be thought of the policy and probable results of the rebuke thus administered to the Senate for its rejection of the seventh clause of the Ferry Bill, the feeling which prompted the measure opens out an inquiry of considerable interest, which the indiscreet method of its expression in the present case tends rather to heighten than to diminish. For the existing hostility of French Republicans to the Jesuits is no isolated or exceptional phenomenon, nor is it at all peculiar either to France or to the Republic. It is of course true, as we have been copiously reminded in the course of the recent debates in the French Chambers, that the monarchy of the Restoration maintained an equally unfriendly attitude towards the order, while about a century ago the court of France joined the other Catholic powers in demanding its suppression. But this is only a very small part of the truth. From its very foundation the Jesuit society has somehow or other enlisted against itself the jealous hostility both of civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every Roman Catholic country of Europe, not less than of Protestants, against whose advance it was specially organized. This is surely a sufficiently remarkable fact, and it does not become less remarkable when we reflect that the conflict appears always to have been keenest in those countries where the Jesuits were most intimately known. The order was founded by a Spanish knight, and it bears in its character and constitution the traces of its Spanish origin. Yet it was Charles III. of Spain who brought about the league of Catholic sovereigns which led to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV. In Italy, again, the new society found its earliest home, and has always had its headquarters and the base of its operations; and in Italy — and among their own former pupils — the Jesuits have met their bitterest and most uncompromising assailants. We have said that from the first they had provoked the animosity of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and in saying this we did not refer only or chiefly to the rivalry — often exceedingly bitter — between the secular and regular clergy, which dates from the earliest introduction of religious orders into the Church, and is intelligible enough, even apart from the justice or injustice of their mutual recriminations. Yet even here it may be worth noting that no other order — not even the Franciscans, who

were the best hated of all during the later Middle Ages — ever managed to draw on itself the same intensity of mingled hatred and distrust. It is more material to remark, what is at first sight far more inexplicable, that not only bishops but the popes themselves have from the days of Ignatius downwards shown a deep distrust of the society expressly organized by him for the maintenance and augmentation of papal autocracy. Paul III. inserted a clause in the original bull of authorization, limiting the number of members to sixty, and although he was afterwards induced to withdraw a restriction so fatal to their aims, Sixtus V., by far the ablest pontiff of the sixteenth century, resolved on enforcing several sweeping changes in their constitution, including a change of name, about which they were extremely sensitive, and was only prevented from carrying out his intentions by the shortness of his reign. Two centuries later Clement XIV. was willing enough to accede to the universal demand of Catholic Europe for their suppression; and it is an open secret that there is little love lost between the Jesuits and the present occupant of the papal throne. It must be allowed that such facts require an explanation, which is not adequately supplied by their own proud boast of how completely their founder's prayer has been answered, that they might be hated of all men, like him whose name they have assumed, and for his name's sake.

There may be said, roughly speaking, to be three current phases of opinion which may be taken variously to interpret the traditional instinct or prejudice against the Jesuits. We have first the popular Protestant hypothesis, of which Mr. Whalley used to be the spokesman in Parliament, and which found a ghastly illustration in the sensational religious works of the days of our grandmothers. According to this view the Jesuits are a kind of secret police of the evil one, being occupied in promoting the interests of their Church, which are identified with their own, by fair means or foul, with a diabolical craft only exceeded by their diabolical wickedness. They have spies or familiars, male or female, in every court, every society, in almost every private family — especially in Protestant families; they are united in a chronic conspiracy against the peace alike of households and of empires. It was not beneath them to bribe or coerce the reporters, as he publicly complained in Par-

liament, into garbling their version in the *Times* of the somewhat inaudible language of a venerable Irish peer lately deceased, and it is not beyond their capacity to control by invisible and unsuspected agencies the policy of States, and virtually to shape the destinies of the civilized world. They are gifted with the preternatural power, as well as the Satanic malice, of the genii of Eastern fable, while, unlike them, they are closely bound together in a federation of evil for the pursuit of a common end. They are disguised at this moment, in spite of the labors of the Church Association, in the surplice of Anglican rectors, while "the female Jesuit" plies her seductive arts under the innocent semblance of a Protestant kitchen-maid. Let no one imagine that we have dressed up a mere scarecrow of our own, or laid on one touch of coloring which it would not be easy to match in the familiar pictures drawn by Protestant alarmists. No rational person of course accepts this startling caricature — which may be compared with the delineation of the Freemasons sometimes found in foreign Jesuit treatises — but even the silliest caricature has usually some kind of basis, however inadequate, and there could hardly be so much smoke if there was no fire. More plausible, and less wildly inaccurate, is the opposite hypothesis, formerly prevalent, among English Liberals, and accepted with a difference by many earnest Roman Catholics, that the Jesuits are much like other orders in the Church of Rome, more zealous and energetic perhaps, and therefore naturally more offensive to those who regard with dislike or fear the progress of the Roman Catholic religion, but not otherwise distinguishable from the general mass of religious corporations from which they are so sharply and unfavorably discriminated by the recent action of the French government. This view on the surface looks reasonable enough, and it is really nearer the truth than the Protestant boggy view, but it is not the less quite unequal to the exigency of facts. Benedictines, Dominicans, and Franciscans have been in their day as zealous and as influential as Jesuits, and the Dominicans moreover were officially connected with the hateful and hated Inquisition, yet none of these vast and powerful organizations have ever encountered, either within the pale of their own Church or beyond it, a tithe of the suspicion and enmity so persistently roused by the children of Ignatius. Some third hypothesis

is manifestly required, which, without violating the dictates of experience and common sense, shall yet do justice to the admitted facts of the case past and present. And that hypothesis may perhaps be not inaptly summed up in the well-known saying about the Jesuits, *ubi bene, nihil melius: ubi male, nihil pejus*. They have been powerful alike for good and for evil, but always powerful, and always using their power, whether well or ill, for the aggrandizement of their order. They have acted all along as an *imperium in imperio*, confronting "the white pope" with "the black pope," and not unfrequently pitting the one against the other with a large measure of at least temporary success. And hence from their first origin the popes have been very naturally suspicious of these self-chosen pratorians, as the Roman emperors were jealous of the Pratorian Guards and the sultan of the Janissaries, lest they too should aspire to make and unmake and mould the rulers before whose throne they bowed in professedly absolute subjection.

No estimate of the Jesuits would be a fair one which ignored the real services they have rendered to the highest interests of their Church, and indeed to the cause of Christian civilization. They have been effective preachers, and were for a long time the ablest and most accomplished teachers of youth throughout the continent of Europe; even now, when they seem to a great extent to have lost their educational cunning, their schools in France are pronounced by independent critics, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, to be at least equal in intellectual working, and decidedly superior in moral culture, to the best of the government *lycées*. They have on the whole maintained unbroken, in spite of the worse than questionable ethical system exposed by Pascal, a far higher standard of moral purity in their own body than any of their rivals either among religious orders or the secular priesthood. And they have shown themselves devoted, untiring, and very successful missionaries in heathen lands. Yet even here their career has been marked by strange aberrations, inconsistent at once with their religious profession and with the principles of morality, as in the famous controversy about the "Chinese Rites," described at length in Mr. Cartwright's "Historical Sketch." And that very controversy would alone suffice to remind us that, after full allowance has been made, as it ought to be made, for

ubi bene, nihil melius, there is also another and a darker side to the picture. The ambitious design which was indelibly impressed by Ignatius Loyola on the constitution — we might add the very name — of his order has proved throughout the secret both of its weakness and its strength. To that supreme end all considerations, moral and religious, not excluding their most cherished theological principle, have been subordinated. From the first they were not content to trust to their enormous educational and spiritual influence, but aspired also to "shape the whispers" of all the Catholic thrones of Europe, and to undermine all the thrones which they regarded as anti-Catholic. They governed the French Church through the mistresses of Louis XIV., and they plotted persistently against the crown and life of Queen Elizabeth. They did not scruple to make good their position at the French court by more than conniving at Gallican opinions — which could never have been their own — and actually helped to frame the Declaration of Gallican Liberties. When threatened with expulsion from France in the last century, they offered to purchase a reprieve by teaching the four Gallican articles, which directly contravene the fundamental principles of Jesuit theology. Their influence has everywhere been used, and perhaps consistently used, in the service of both civil and ecclesiastical despotism, but the means employed have not unfrequently been such as no plea of conscience could excuse. When the order was dissolved by the authority of the Holy See, which they of all men were bound to respect as final and absolute, they held together in defiance of it under the shelter of the schismatic governments of Russia and Prussia. They are not only "Catholics first and patriots afterwards," in whatever country their lot may be cast, but Jesuits first and Catholics afterwards. The interests of the Church are to their minds summed up in the interests of their own order, and a pope who opposes them, like Ganganelli, is, ecclesiastically speaking, no better than a suicidal maniac, whose dangerous perversity it is the truest charity to restrain. Still more of course are secular governments which pursue an anti-Catholic — that is an anti-Jesuit — policy to be treated as natural enemies; while in dealing with governments which could be made subservient to their purposes they would adopt, as they have shown in France, in Mexico, in China, and in Rus-

sia, a policy of the extremest Erastianism. That a society numbering many thousands of members, spread over the face of the world and organized on the strictest principle of military discipline, so resolute in its ambitious aims, and so versatile and unscrupulous in its methods of prosecuting them, should be viewed with jealousy by civil governments — and not least by the governments of Roman Catholic countries, where its influence is most likely to be felt — can be no matter of surprise. Their official organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, specially authenticated by a brief of Pius IX., declared shortly before the Vatican Council that "Christian States have ceased to exist; human society has relapsed into heathenism, and is like an earthly body with no breath from heaven." The Syllabus and the Vatican Council, the two crowning achievements of modern Jesuitism, were their chosen instruments for reversing this fatal tendency of modern civilization. It is not wonderful that the civil power, thus rudely challenged, should have learned to regard the Church which they claimed to represent, and under the last pontificate practically ruled, as "an organization bristling with dangerous sentiments," and the Jesuit Order itself as "the Prætorian Guard of a dangerous ecclesiastical Cæsarism."

From Nature.

TEMPERATURE OF THE SOIL DURING WINTER.

THE French physicists, Edmond and Henry Becquerel, took advantage of the intense cold prevailing at Paris last December, to study the changes in temperature below the surface of the soil under various conditions. It is a widely spread belief among farmers, that when protected by a layer of snow, crops sown in the autumn are effectually guarded against freezing. This opinion, however, must lose much of its weight in view of these late observations, which we will briefly summarize.

The observations were made by means of Becquerel's electric thermometer, which consists simply of two wires isolated by a coating of gutta-percha, and soldered together at their extremities. Differences

in temperature between the two places of junction cause electric currents varying in intensity with the greatness of the difference. A magnetic needle, brought under the influence of the current, registers on a dial these differences. The wires were inserted in the Jardin des Plantes at various depths varying from five to sixty centimetres, and observations were made from November 26 to the close of December. Frost first appeared in the garden November 26. December 3 snow fell in abundance, and the temperature of the air sank to -11° C. The layer of snow was twenty-five centimetres deep. December 10, the temperature had sunk to -21° , and commenced then gradually to rise. December 15, the snow was nineteen centimetres in depth.

Coming now to the observations made below the surface of the ground under the above circumstances, we find at once a striking difference between the results obtained in soil covered with grass, and those obtained below a bare surface of the ground. In soil protected by grass, before as well as after the snowfall, at all depths below that of five centimetres, the temperature never descended below 0° C. Registering $3^{\circ}5$ at the depth of five centimetres on November 26, it slowly sank to $0^{\circ}18$ on December 14. The presence of grass would appear, then, to effectually protect the earth beneath it from freezing at the lowest temperatures attained in our climate. Quite different results, however, are yielded in the absence of grass. In this case at a depth of five centimetres the thermometer sank below zero on November 27. Two days later it registered $-2^{\circ}6$. On December 3, just before the snowfall, it reached its minimum of $-3^{\circ}17$. After being covered with snow it registered $-0^{\circ}8$, and later $-1^{\circ}4$. The snow here appears to act in a certain measure as a screen against changes in temperature, but its conductive properties are still too marked to prevent these changes from being felt sensibly at a certain depth in the earth. In the case of the agriculturist, this slow conduction, when united to the still lower conductive properties of a tolerably thick layer of dead shoots of cereal crops sown in autumn may frequently insure immunity from freezing to the roots below the surface.

T. H. N.